September 1977
$1.50

HEAVY METAL™

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM* Publisher:

Thanks for responding to my request for *Heavy Metal* #1. This makes my collection complete (so far), and generates good feelings in me toward your fine magazine. *HM* gets better and better. Perhaps one day I might submit a piece of my own for consideration.

S. Garner
Elk, Ca.

Dear S: What's second prize, two pieces?–Eds.

Dear *HM*:

I read your magazine with great interest .... At times, the magazine was difficult to read. Some boxes did not flow, i.e., pertaining to action. Some artwork could be more intricate. The boxes could be smaller to allow more action ...

S. Gredler
Boston, Mass.

You got us there, S.–Eds.

Dear *Hevvy Medel* peepul:

Ids sumtymz hard do unnerzdand the pannelz of "1996." Thay ar offen confyoozing and irrelivant. Wen and how iz id going do maig senz? And hoo the ell iz dat "Ringa," anywaiz? Wun uv the Beetelz, I preezoom?

A Confyoozed Reeder
Northwest Quadrant
Tacoma

Grade, juz grade!–Eds.

Dear *HM* editors:

What's the story with this Metaxa? Is that for real, or some kind of *Heavy Metal* art? The ad looks like one of your stories. Are you for real? Is it? Or what?

D. Ryan
Montreal, Canada

Yes, D., there is a Metaxa—drink, ad, and poster. But Heavy Metal *is not for real. Are you?–Eds.*

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Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 6 September 1977

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Front cover, by **Druillet** Back cover, by **Moebius**

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...ALSO...

Disregard vicious libels *Heavy Metal* advance PR for *Star Wars*. Investigate possibility *Star Wars* advance PR for *Heavy Metal*. Inside *HM* #6 (Sept.) is something called "Orcyb," Chapter 3 of book *Psychorock*, to be published this month by *HM*. Dreamed up & limned by one Macedo, subject of fanatic following in Europe, where it is assumed he is telling the truth about some extradimensional future place, Alpha Centauri maybe, or Detroit. Possibilities reduce to pair: either Macedo knows something, or he doesn't. Read story, get hold of book, report back to our orbiting tea tray ASAP.

Readers finding deep interpersonal significance in latest Moebius yarn, "Major Fatal," urged to communicate with each other via ESP or traditional tin cans on string. Moebius *Arzak* book also to be issued by *HM*. Poss. conspiracy? Connection with legislative fillibusters, incidence of double-yolked eggs in Midwest, Dutch rape scandal, Seaver trade?

& what happened to Akbar & Insp. Fuzz? MIA without trace. Cryptic note left: "Gone back to collage." Look into this. Efforts to repeal second law of thermodynamics highly suspect. Who behind? Why? Etc.

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Collector's Items

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. ($3.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet; Virso, the cosmic maiden; Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival; while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($2.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard; with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($2.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow; with the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($2.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence. ($2.00)

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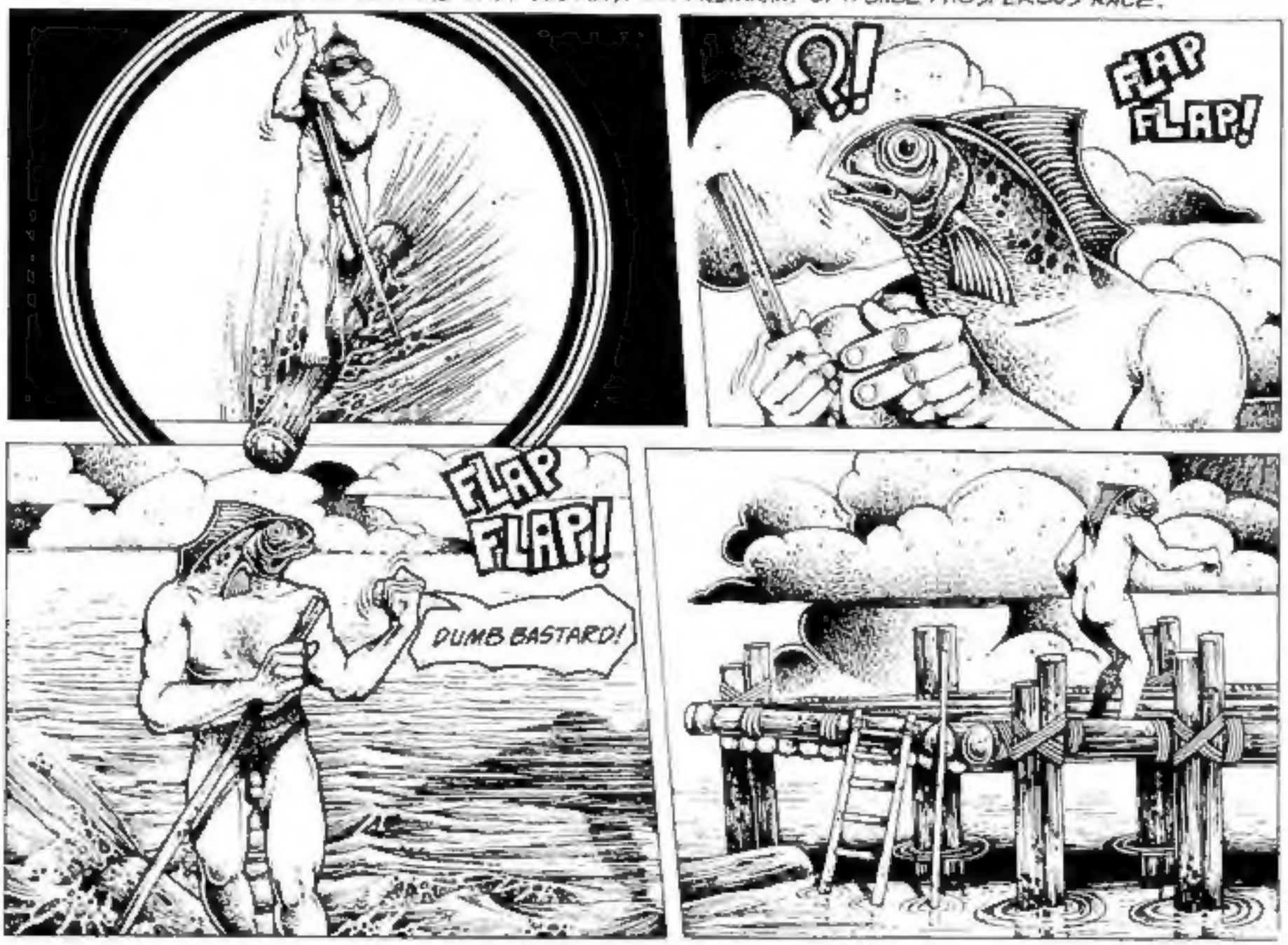
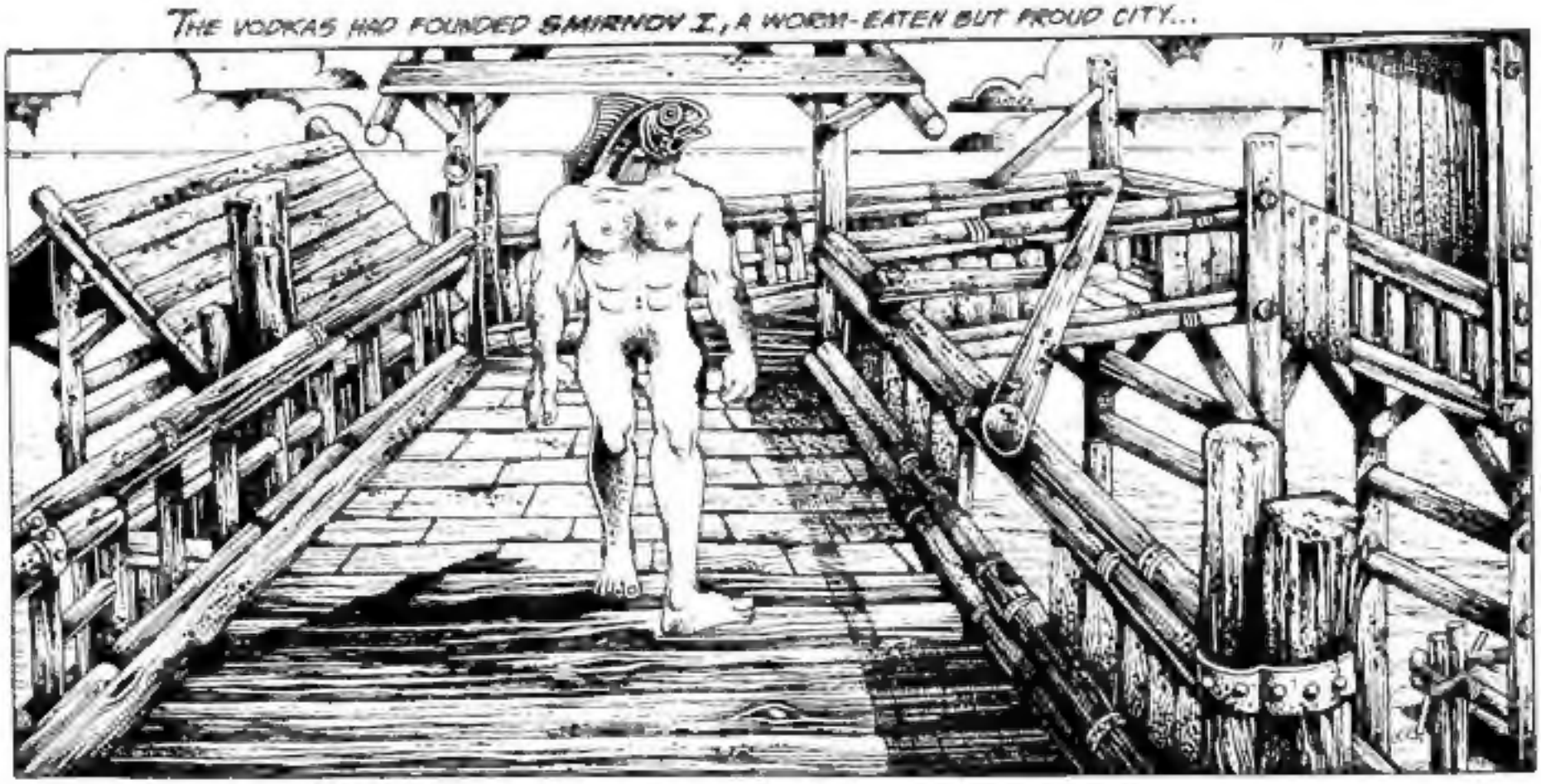
The Last Vodka on Smirnov

Lesueur/Script by "Brother" Alain

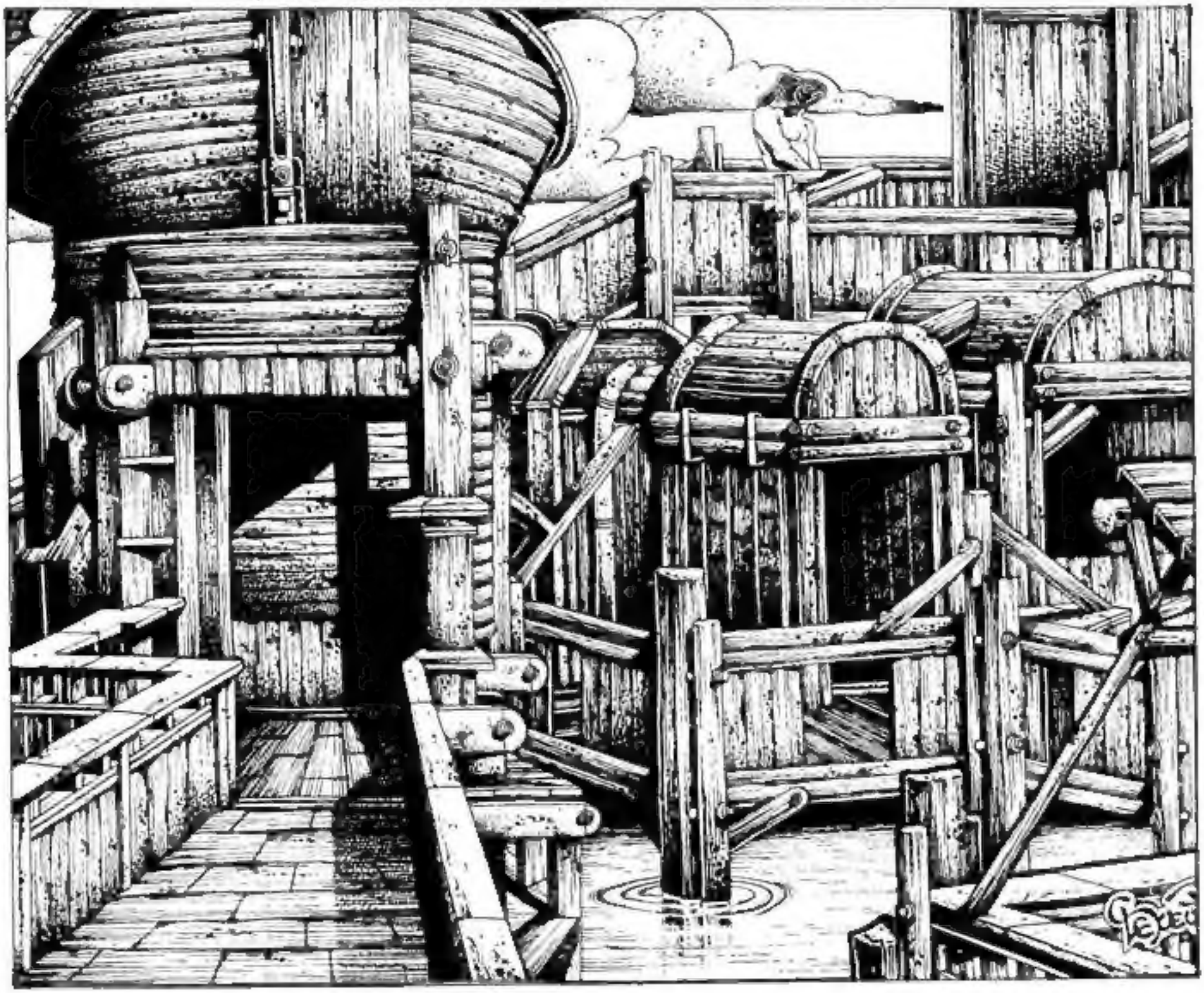
AND ON SMIRNOV WAS THE LAST **VODKA**, POOR REMNANT OF A ONCE PROSPEROUS RACE.



THE VODKAS HAD FOUNDED **SMIRNOV I**, A WORM-EATEN BUT PROUD CITY...



WHY HAD THEY NEVER ABANDONED IT? THAT'S THE MYSTERY...



AND OUR **GENIUS**, FOR THAT HE IS, AS SHALL SOON BE PROVEN TO US, DEVOTED HIMSELF COMPLETELY TO HIS **TASK**.

WHICH WAS MORE THAN A TASK: AN **OBSESSION**, WHICH POSSESSED HIM BODY AND SOUL.

AND FOR A TIME, THE SORRY-LOOKING BEASTS LEFT HIM IN PEACE...

UNTIL ONE DAY:

MAIS...

FLAP FLAP

AAAA

TOO LATE! WHY COULDN'T HE HAVE COME UP WITH HIS INVENTION SOONER? WHEN I SAW WHAT HAPPENED, IT MADE ME SICK!!

AND THAT WAS THAT. A PAGE WAS TURNED. ONE SPECIES WAS EXTINCT. A FITTER BREED TRIUMPHED:

THE BIRDMEN!

DES: [illegible] SC: ALAIN

fin

DEN
©richard corben
So you are the famous Den of Earth. If you are really as fierce as they say, you will serve me well.
What? Now wait a minute, Ard. You presume too much.
First, a test! Guards, CASTRATE the freak!
You fiend!

YAUGH!

He, he, he, he, he!

KRAK!

TNUD

KA-THAK!

Just fair, Den Why didn't you shoot them?

Shoot these puppets? It is you—

BLAM!

BLAM!

—who deserves to die!

HA, HA, HA! I'm glad you did that. Now you understand from the start that you can't harm me.

It's too ate to take your wom an and run. I have already put her away for safekeeping.

If you ever wish to see her aga n, if you wish to see an other day, you will serve me

Come now Dan, it w ll be for just a while, then you'll be free again, and RICH! Do you agree?

Very well Ard You are most convinc ng

UNH!

Don't be alarmed t .s ,ust a formality

We come to the brotherhood of the Ascending F re. Press ure is strong here, but there are rewards too. I will tend to your wound

Your presence is providential to our cause. We know of a way for stealthy entry to the Queens castle. The growing storm will aid us. So, rest now Den. Tonight we'll take the Lot nar

I found myself in an intolerable situation and the only means of release for Kath and myself was to cooperate with these ruthless fanatics.

I tried to sleep but unearthly visions plagued my semiconscious state. They hovered about these cursed ruins. A monstrous being emerged from the truncated pyramid and perched there hideously.

Then the images wavered and I awoke. I think. There was a loud blast of thunder and a cold gust of wind. Startled, I looked around. I shivered and forced my gaze toward the edifice that was earlier the scene of a ghastly sacrifice.

A flash of lightning revealed no giant creature, but a tiny figure dancing maniacly around the pool!

I felt an indescribable loathing for the little dancer, the vast decayed setting, even this entire distorted universe. I turned away trembling.

Then I thought of Kath. I calmed down and a warmth flooded over me. I loved her. I would endure all for her.

Get up! We go now

The flying mounts could not brave them with-ering winds. Kang, six warriors and I marched for more than an hour, then three parted and proceeded in a different direction. We con-tinued, soon reaching the bank of a dark river

For a time we crept along a narrow ledge. Kang stopped and listened to the howling wind for a few moments.

Silence. We're near a Bug guardpost. Now we go under

We submerged and squeezed through a heavy metal grating. Moving in this liquid brought unwelcome memories of the sacrificial pool.

We resurfaced in an underground chamber and were soon marching again. While the storm raged above, all was silent here.

The passageway seemed endless. It descended below the water level.

We're walking beneath the castle moat.

At last we came to stairs leading out of that foul pit

What a stench!

Quiet. I fear some beast prowls these catacombs.

GROWF

SNAK!

BAM

This way

Poor fe ow

Lucky fe ow!

GRRRR

- to be cont nued

1996

CLIC

WUDJA YUE IN ?
MET GODDA ESSARTEE HJNRED MINALDA ULDA NODOR- DRIVE ANA SKUDDER SBEEDA SEVENFIVDY ADEFF WUN !

AN YU ?
OH MINZ JJSDA TARJOB EFF AUDOMADIC ANA LENZ EFFTUSEVEN BUD IDZ TR FILY LIDDLE FIR A TH RDY- F VE !

UHHU ! SO YOU LYGID AWRIDE ?
CLL..

UHUH ! DRATHER HAVA SPODELBLAD TU WIDA STROBE ANA INFRARED ADABDER !

to be human to be subject to chemically-origin ated pollution
TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION
CLIC!
CLIC!
CLIC!

A SWEET STORY BY

MOEBIUS

MAJOR FATAL

RESUMÉ

THERE WAS NO NEWS OF THE MAJOR

WATCH OUT! GRUBERT IS WATCHING YOU!

MY NAME IS JON JONSON

I AM THE MASTER OF CARN FINEHAC, SOUTH OF HERE IN THE *ONIX ZONES*.. WE WITHERED AWAY SLOWLY DOWN THERE THE *"JUNCTION"* HAS BEEN SUSPENDED FOR SO LONG THAT PRETTY SOON IT'LL BE *TOO LATE*.

AND IF SO, WE'RE ENTERING A PERIOD OF IRREVERSIBLE *DECAY*.

ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT THE *COMMUNICATOR* SAID

ALREADY THE *BAKALITES* HAVE MORE POWER THAN WE DO

SO, I'M ON MY WAY TO *"BOLZEDURA,"* THE ABANDONED CITY, TO TRY TO FIND THE *"JUNCTION"* ALTHOUGH THERE'S AN OLD AND *VERY POWERFUL BAKALITE* THERE

PROBABLY, I'LL END UP *DEAD*

WE *CREATED* THIS SPECIES IN IMITATION OF THE FAMOUS EARTH *"HORSE"*, IN ACTION, THEY'RE PRACTICALLY THE SAME

IN THREE DAYS I'LL SEE THE HIGH TOWERS OF *PLATMOLL*.., AND *"BOLZEDURA"* AND THAT OLD *BAKALITE* WON'T BE FAR AWAY

OBLADI OBLADA WHAT A BEAUT OF A HORSE!

HERE WE GO!

NOW THIS CHARMING **BOAZ** FELLAH WANTS TO SPRING ONE OF HIS DEADLY ***AMBUSHES*** AGAIN!

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE THIS STUFF UP?

THIS PLANET DOESN'T LIKE ***YOUR KIND***, JON JONSON!

YOUR ***BLOOD*** WILL STAIN THE GRASS RED!

HERE ON **SYLDAIN-DOLCHIGNE** *THINGS HAVE CHANGED A LOT, AND THE TRAVELER OFTEN FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF A SAD-EYED* **CID HIGHWAYMAN** *.. AND THUS WAS JON JONSON TRAPPED BY A HALF MAD* **BOAZ.**

YOU'RE GOING TO ***BOLZEDURA*** TO ***BREAK*** THE SILENCE, ***RANSACK*** THE MEMORIAL WALLS AND ***DESTROY*** THE DELICATE FORMS OF THE HONEYED CITY!

I, WITH MY ***SWF***, AM GOING TO ***REARRANGE YOUR ATOMS*** SO YOU'LL LEARN ..

I'M GOING TO TRANS FORM YOU INTO A ***RED CLOUD***

OH SHIT MY HEART IS ***SEETHING*** WITH ***HATRED*** AND ***I'M GOING TO*** KILL YOU!

"I'M GOING TO I'M GOING TO I M GOING TO "BUT OL' JON ISN'T SCARED HE'S EVEN PRETTY COOL

LISTEN TO MY REASONS FOR THIS TRIP **BOAZ** OLD BOY I'M HEADING FOR **BOLZEDURA** TO MEET A HUMANOID ***MAJOR***... HIS NAME'S **GRUBERT**. HE WANTS TO ***NEGOTIATE*** WITH THE ***BAKALITE***.

THAT'S ***IMPOSSIBLE***! THE MAJOR IS A MEGALOMANIAC IMPOSTOR NO ONE CAN NEGOTIATE WITH THE ***BAKALITE***

HE IS ***IMMOVABLE*** BY NATURE

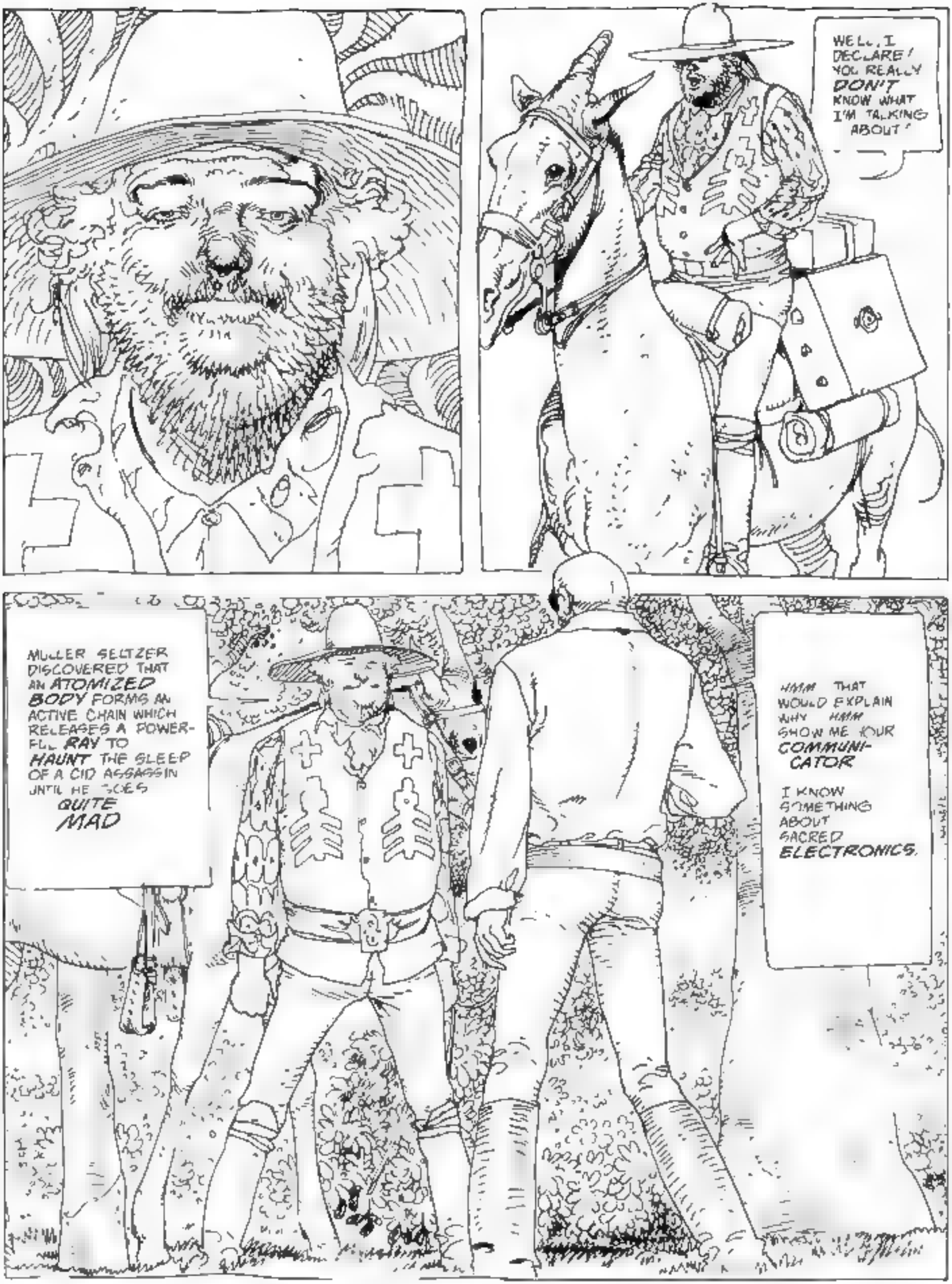
NO, NO! THAT'S JUST THE GOBBLEDYGOOK OF ***TERRESTRIAL PROPAGANDA*** COME ***WITH*** ME TO PLATMOLL WE CAN REPAIR THE ***COMMUNICATOR*** .. WE CAN FACE THE BAKALITE ***TOGETHER***.

PSST. PSST! I AM **BOAZ**, THE ***CID ASSASSIN*** ... THE ***ONLY*** THING THAT PLEASES ME IS LAYING AMBUSHES KILLING COLONISTS SCATTERING THEIR ATOMS IN A RED CLOUD TO BE BLOWN AWAY BY THE WIND OF ***SYLDAIN*** ..

AND THEN, SADLY, TO SURVEY THE GRASSY PLAIN

YOU MUST BE CAREFUL OF THE ***MULLER-SELTZER EFFECT***, MY DEAR BOAZ!

A ***CID ASSASSIN*** FEARS ***NOTHING!***


WELL, I DECLARE! YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
MULLER SELTZER DISCOVERED THAT AN ATOMIZED BODY FORMS AN ACTIVE CHAIN WHICH RELEASES A POWERFUL RAY TO HAUNT THE SLEEP OF A CID ASSASSIN UNTIL HE GOES QUITE MAD
HMM THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY HMM SHOW ME YOUR COMMUNICATOR
I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT SACRED ELECTRONICS.

THE TIME LAG IS WAVERING TOO MUCH UNDER THE ROTATION MIRRORS. A MISTAKE IN THE ASSEMBLY.

MY MISTAKE, FOR SURE!

LET'S MAKE THE TRIP *TOGETHER!*

MY POWERS TOGETHER WITH YOURS PERHAPS WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO OVERCOME THE *BAKALITE*.

ALL THE SAME, I'LL GO ON *BELIEVING* IN THIS *GRUBERT*.

I'VE ALWAYS *LOVED* THIS SPOT

AFTER A TWELVE-MONTH TRIP

TIME IS DESTROY ING THIS CITY

THEY RISE, AND FALL

HERE WE MEET GRUBERT, THE MA'TOR

THE TWO TRAVELERS ENTER BOLZEDURA THE PHANTOM CITY, BY THE NORTHEAST GATE
MAJOR GRUBERT!
YOO HOO!

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT GRUBERT HE HAS ABANDONED US!

DOESN'T MATTER. I KNOW THE SEWERS WELL

THE TWO TRAVELERS UNDER THE CITY

THINGS WILL BE BETTER WHEN WE GET TO THE JUNCTION.

"JUNCTION, JUNCTION, EXTREME UNCTION..."

WHO CARES?

SUDDENLY..

TOTAL DARK-NESS

A BLACKOUT!

IT'S THE BAKALITE! HE'S GOT US

I'VE GOT YOU!

GOTCHA!

HE'S GOT YOU

LIKE TWO RATS

MORE DEGENERATE HUMANOIDS THIEVES OF THE JUNCTION I'LL SEND YOU WHERE YOU'LL DO NO HARM!

BUGNORS ... THOUSANDS OF BUGNORS
WE'RE LOST
NO! WE MUST GET AWAY THE L TTLE FLUID WE HAVE LEFT IN US WILL HAVE TO DO!

AFTER A MAD FLIGHT
I KNOW THIS PLACE
FLOWERS EVERY-WHERE!
IT'S MALIG-NANT!
FLEE QUICKLY!

MEANWHILE, THE BAKALITE AWAITS THE SUB
THE WALA THE WALA
THE IRON LOCUST
THE SUB! AT LAST
IT'S BEGINNING TO FEEL MUCH WORSE

HERE HE IS, GRUBERT, KING OF THE SUPPLICANTS!

OUR TWO ENEMIES ARE TAKEN CARE OF

THEY'RE *WANDERING* BETWEEN WORLDS

BUT *GRUBERT* IS FREE.

THAT MOEBIUS SURE LIKES TO MAKE TROUBLE

THE BAKALITE PREPARES TO BOARD THE SUPS!

IT'S CLEAR

QUICK!

AND

I FEAR

HE FEARS

FOR HIS OLD

AND PRECIOUS ASS!

QUICK

WE RE

BOAZ
A
MASTER

HE WAS SEEN AT ONCE TO
BE SOMETHING ELSE, BUT
AN ORDEAL WHICH DEPENDS
FOR ITS EXISTENCE ON THAT JUNCTION
WE WERE AFTER, (WAY BACK THEN)

A FIGHT WILL LAST ONLY AS LONG
AS IT LASTS

AFTER THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS OF VARIOUS FESTIVITIES

THESE SONGS ARE REALLY *BIZARRE!*

THEY'RE MAGIC *HYMNS,* INTENDED TO BRING THE WOOD TO *IGNITION POINT...*

WE'RE GOING TO *BURN TO DEATH* FOR SURE!

SUDDENLY

SHEE-IT!

AND AT THE SAME TIME

THE BAKALITE!

SHOT BY GRUBERT!

AND

MY HEAD OOH

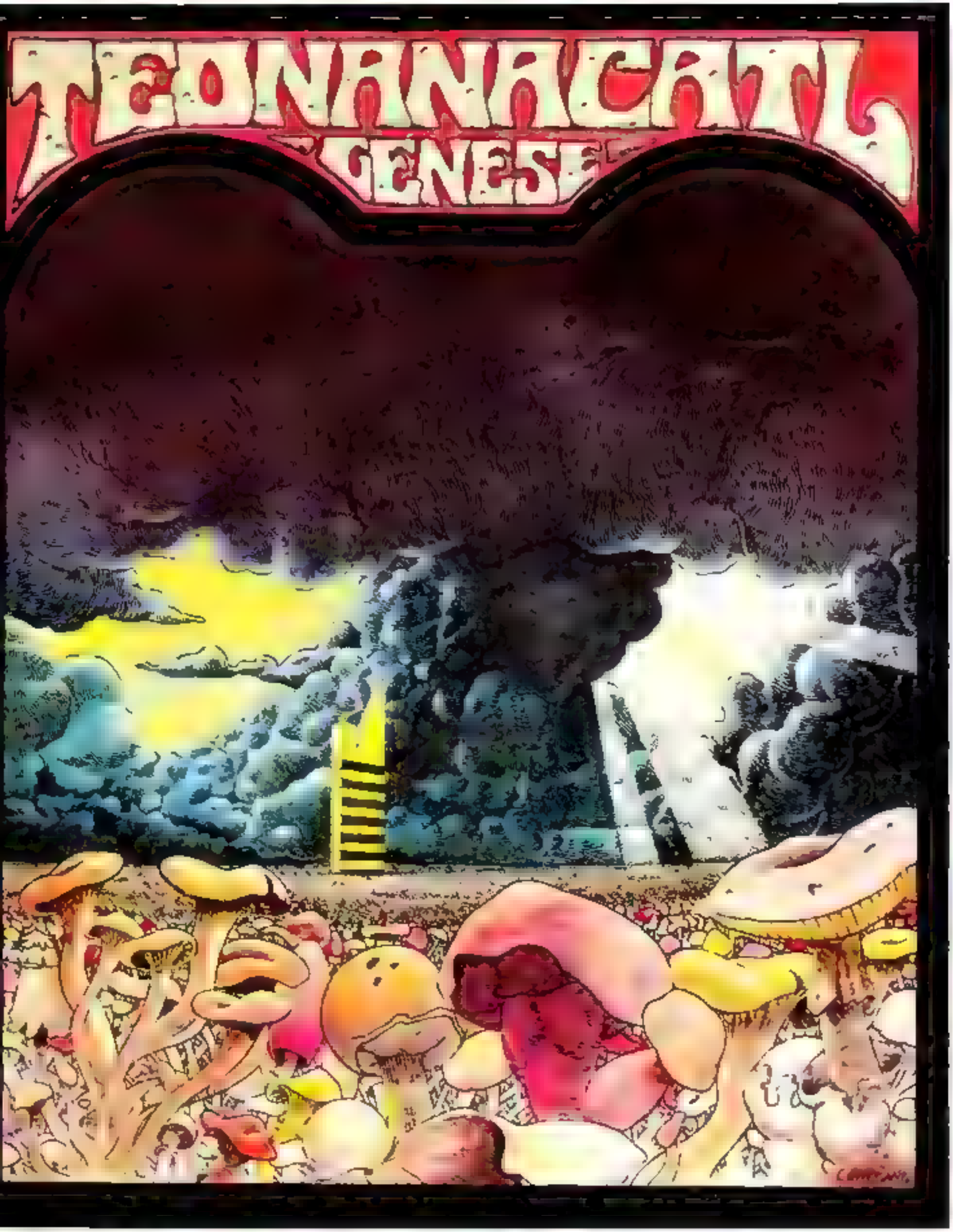
WHERE AM I?

BOAZ POOR BOAZ!

FINISHED ALL FINISHED

EEEEEEK

ZZZ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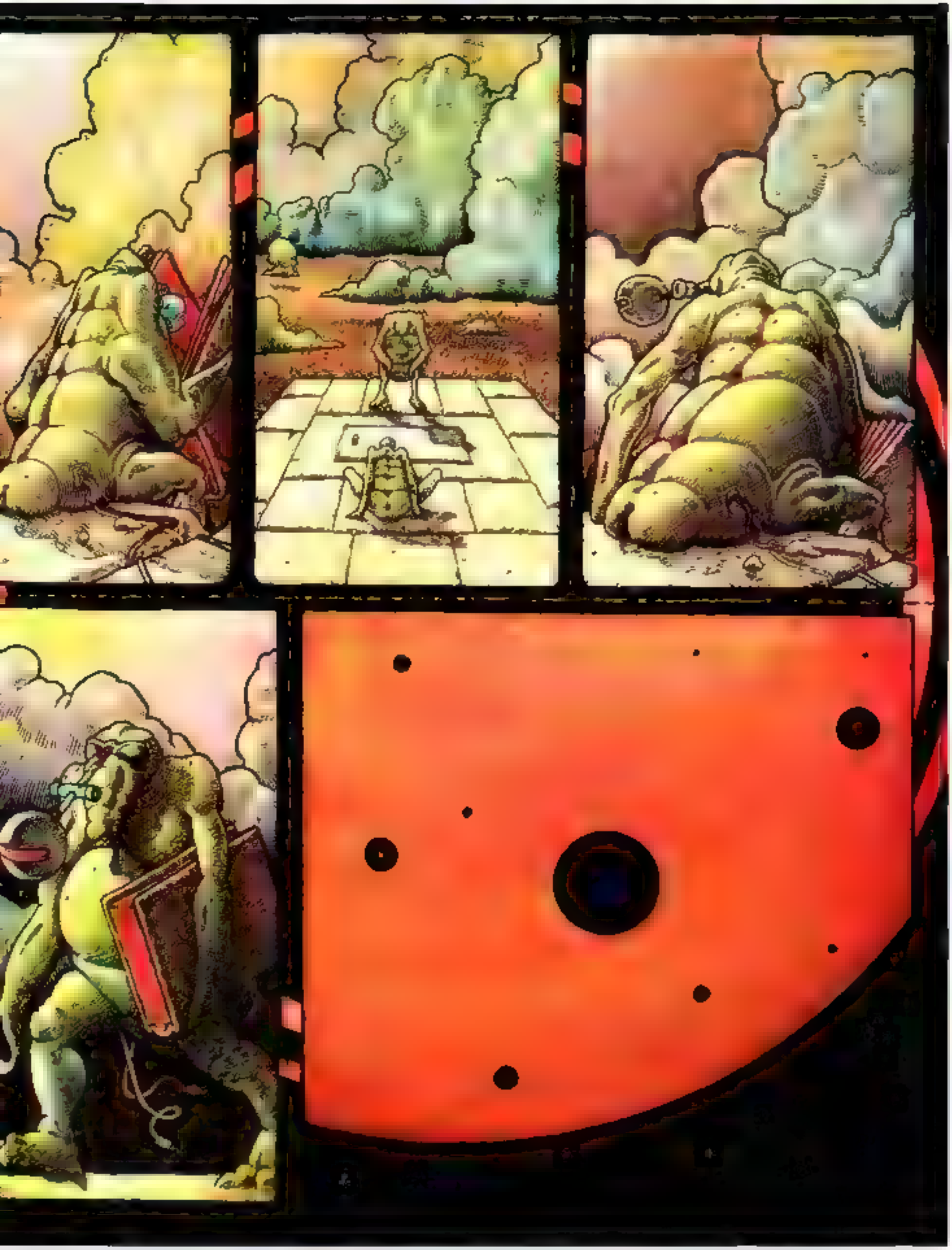

NO
UASJZ

_CARR!! WIZZ!! CROUICK!!
SCHMOULTSCHKZ?? CRR_

CRR!!
FIN

Is There a Demon Lover in the House?

by Roger Zelazny

Nightscape of city in November with fog, intermittent blotches of streetlight, a chilly thing, the wind slithering across the weeping faces of buildings, the silence.

Form is dulled and softened. Outlines are lost, silhouettes unsealed. Matter bleeds some vital essence upon the streets. What are the pivot points of time? Was that its arrow, baffled by coils of mist, or only a lost bird of the night?

Walking now, the man, gait slowed to a normal pace now, his exhilaration transmuted to a kind of calm. Middle-aged, middle-statured, side-whiskered, dark, he looks neither to the left nor the right. He has lost his way, but his step is almost buoyant. A great love fills his being, general, objectless, pure as the pearl-soft glow of the corner light through the fog.

He reaches that corner and moves to cross the street.

An auto is there, then gone, tearing through the intersection, a low rumble within, its muffled lights slashing the dark. Its red tail lamps swing by, dwindle, are gone, its tires screech as it turns an unseen corner.

The man has drawn back against the building. He stares in the direction the vehicle has taken. For a long while after it has vanished from sight he continues to stare. Then he withdraws a case from an inside pocket, takes out a small cigar, lights it. His hands shake as he does so.

A moment of panic.

He looks all about, sighs, then retrieves the small, newspaper-wrapped parcel he had been carrying, from where it had fallen near the curb.

Carefully, carefully then, he crosses the street. Soon the love has hold of him again.

Further along, he comes upon a parked car, pauses a moment beside it, sees a couple embracing within, continues on his way. Another car passes along the street, slowly. There is a glow ahead.

He advances toward the illumination. There are lights within a small café and several storefront display windows. A theater marquee blazes in the center of the block. There are people here moving along the walks, crossing the street. Cars discharge passengers. There is a faint odor of frying fish. The theater, he sees, is called the Regent Street.

He pauses beneath the marquee, which advertises:

EXOTIC MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

THE KISS OF DEATH

Puffing his cigar, he regards a series of photos within a glass case. A long-haired, acne-dotted medical student comes over to see the still shots, innocuous yet titillative on the wall. "They ought they'd never get to show it," he mutters.

"Beg pardon?"

Has she fallen. Just won a court decision. Dear know tear?"

No. I did not know. This one."

That's right. You going to see it?"

"I don't know. What is it about?"

The student turns and stares at the man, cocks his head to one side, raises his brows slightly. Seeing the reaction, the man smiles also. The student chuckles and shrugs.

"May be your only chance to see one," he says. "I'm betting they get closed down again and it goes to art house circuit."

Perhaps I will.

Rotten weather, huh? They say *to die* was an old hunting cry. Probably from people trying to find each other, huh?"

He chuckles. The man returns it and nods. The calm of controlled passion that holds him as in a gentle fist pushes him toward the experience.

"Yes. I believe that I will," he says, and he moves toward the ticket window.

The man behind the glass looks up as he passes him the money.

"You sure you want to spend that? It's an odd."

He nods.

The ticket seller sets the coin to one side, hands him its pasteboard and his change.

He enters the lobby, looks about, follows the others.

"No smoking inside. Fire law."

"Oh. Sorry."

Dropping his cigar into a nearby receptacle, he surrenders his ticket and passes within. He pauses at the head of an aisle to regard the screen before him, moves on when jostled, finds a seat to his left, eases in.

He settles back and lets his warm feeling enfold him. It is a strange night. Lost, why had he come in? A place to sit? A place to hide? A place to be warm with impersonal, human noises about him? Curiosity?

All of these, he decides, when his thoughts roam over the varied surface of life, and the post-orgasmic sadness fades to tenderness and gratefulness.

His shoulder is touched. He turns quickly.

"Just me," says the student. "Show'll be starting in a few minutes. You ever read the Marquis de Sade?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of him?"

A debonnaire dilettante.

"Oh."

The student settles back and assumes a thoughtful pose. The man returns his eyes to the front of the theater.

After a time, the house lights grow dim and die. Then the screen is illuminated. The words *The Kiss of Death* flash upon it. Soon they are succeeded by a man figures. The man leans forward, his brow furrowed. He turns and studies the slant of light from the projection booth, dust motes drifting within it. He sees a portion of the equipment. He turns again to the screen and his breathing deepens.

He watches as the actions leading to the movement past passion to the tricks shot on. But the color is wrong, seems as if he has been transported to a magical realm. The people around him are like supernatural creatures, human based on the light reflected from the screen. The back of his neck grows hot and feels as if the eyes are staring upon it. Such is his eagerness, desire to be a part of it, for here is something fascinating and to be envied. But it seems important that he see it through. He turns back again, watching, watching the flickering spectacle before him.

There is a chill in his bones as he realizes what is about to occur as he sees the knife, the expression on the girl's face, the sudden movements, the writhing, the blood. As it continues, he grows his knuckle and begins to perspire. It is real, so real.

"Oh, no!" he says, and relaxes.

The warmth comes back to him again, but he continues to watch, until the last frame fades and the lights come on once again.

"How did you like it?" says the voice at his back.

He does not turn.

"It is amazing," he finally says, "that they can make pictures move on a screen like that."

He hears the low, hoarse chuckle then. "Care to join me for a cup of coffee? Or a drink?"

"No, thanks. I have to be going."

He rises and hurries up the aisle, back toward the fog-masked city where he had somehow lost his way.

"Say, you forgot your package."

But he never does not hear. He is gone.

The student raises it, weighs it in his palm, wonders. When he finally unwraps the folded *Times*, it is not only the human heart it contains which causes his sharp intake of breath, but the fact that the paper bears a date in November of 1888.

"Oh, Lord!" he says. "Let him find his way home!"

Outside, the fog begins to rot and break, and the wind makes a small rustling noise as it passes. The long shadow of the man, lost in his love and wonder, moves like a blade through the city and November and the night. ○

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Night Grass

script ZHA art Nicole Cloveloux

NE...O ? MUSEUM ?

YOU AT LAST ! WELL ?

IT DOESN'T WORK ANYMORE. I CAN'T BREATHE ! I WANT A TRANSFER !

WHERE ?

ANYWHERE !

ONLY FOR A MONTH, THEN GO BY THE ROAD WITH THE WILD HUCKLEBERRIES.

YOU'LL FIND IT IT IS CLEARLY MARKED.

IS IT FAR ?

YES AND NO.

HELLO!

GOOD DAY! I'M THE MAITRE D'
YOU ARE THE GUIDE, I PRESUME?

YES!

ANY NEWS?

NONE

ALL RIGHT
COME IN!

YOU SEE THEY DON'T BUDGE FROM TH'S ROOM

FROM TIME TO TIME, THEY LEAVE TO TAKE A LITTLE WALK AND THEN RETURN

AND YOU?

OH, ME! I STROLL ABOUT I'VE BEEN APPOINTED HERE FOR LIFE

OH.

HOW D' JYDO?

WHAT FUN!

IT'S TER'FIC HERE IT'S WARM AND WUN'ERFUL!

ARE YOU VERY FOND OF PEOPLE?

'COURSE!

ALL?

'COURSE!

AND NATURE?

OH YEAH LUV IT!

SAY, YOU'RE KINDA CUTE

HELLO YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THINGS ARE GOING TOO WELL

WHY?

HERE ONE IS AND THEY DON'T SEE US! ONE DOESN'T EXIST

WHAT IS IT THEY'VE GOT? IT'S GETTING SERIOUS

YES I KNOW IT'S A STRANGE ILLNESS YOU GET SO USED TO IT, YOU END UP NOT NOTICING ANYMORE..

WHAT A WONDERFUL GARDEN WHAT PURE SWEET AIR!

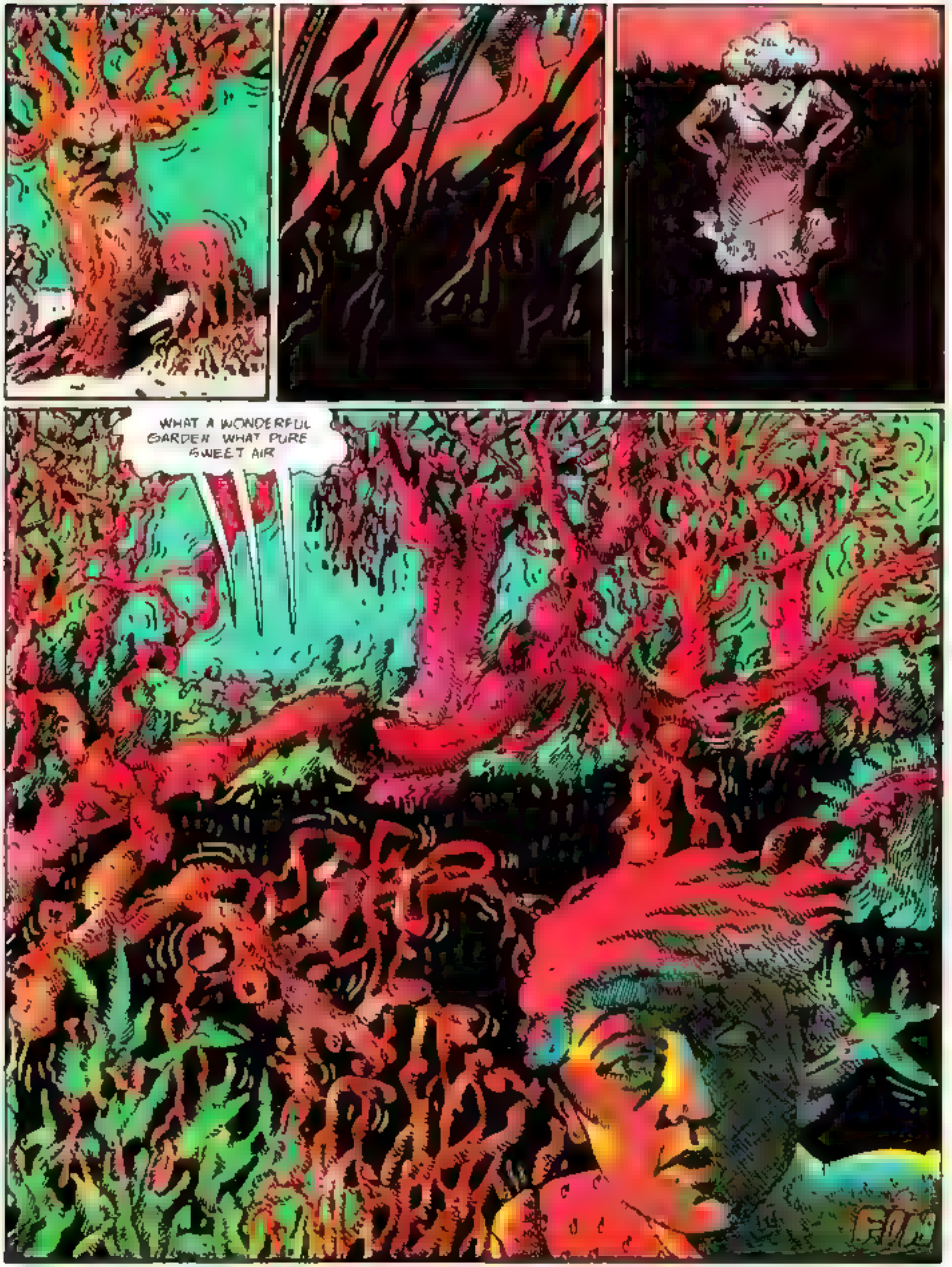
WHAT A WONDERFUL GARDEN! WHAT PURE SWEET AIR!

SO IT GOES

STOP IT! YOU, YOU'VE GIVEN UP YOU'RE A SAP RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR SAP

THEY'RE SLEEPING THAT'S ALL!

WHAT ABOUT ME? I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER I'M BOILING OVER I SEE RED! I'M GOING TO EXPLODE!


WHAT A WONDERFUL GARDEN! WHAT PURE SWEET AIR

HARRRZZ

I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE! WE'VE BEEN ROTTING IN THIS HOLE FOR MORE THAN SIX MONTHS, AND THE ROCKET'S OUT AND

SHUT UP! THIS CONSTANT BELLYACHING WON'T HELP REINFORCEMENTS ARE BOUND TO ARRIVE SOON!

ENOUGH! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS FUCKING EXPEDITION ON THIS FUCKING PLANET WHERE YOU SEE NOTHING AND WE'RE SNIPED AT WITHOUT KNOWING FROM WHERE OR WHY

AND YOU, YOU ARCTURIAN PIG? HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED PICKING AWAY YOUR OWN SKIN, YOU SHIT HEAD?

YOU COULDN'T CARE LESS WHAT KIND OF MESS YOU GET YOURSELF INTO!

LEAVE THE BRUTE ALONE! AND TAKE COVER! THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER ATTACK!

THAT'S IT! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

YOU'RE ALL GO'NG TO DIE!

HELL!

DIE!

AAARCH

AARRZ! HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED THROW'NG PEBBLES AT THOSE 'NSECTS? STOP PLAY'NG NOW, AND COME IN THE HOUSE!

"I am Lord Carin, protector and First General to my Lord, Rand Malzar, Ruler of Sirus. From where have you come? Where do you go? And who do you serve? You speak not! Then you are condemned by your silence. We are engaged in a struggle for domination and eternal oblivion. Praise be to God. The enemy is near. All we need do is turn our eyes eastward and there is our Armageddon. The evil ones grow stronger with each passing day. Our keep is no longer able to withstand the..."

Ahhhh, I see them, I see them...they call to me. I knew in my hour of great need they would come to my aid. They are strong...mighty warriors. Ahhhh...even now I gaze upon them.

Peace, Father...

You are not my son. Your mother was common... She... she tricked me... I...I did not bed her...

And your birth brought about that which I desired most - her death!

Slanderer, vile usurper, touch me not. And call me Father, never!!

My sons, my true seed.. are dead!

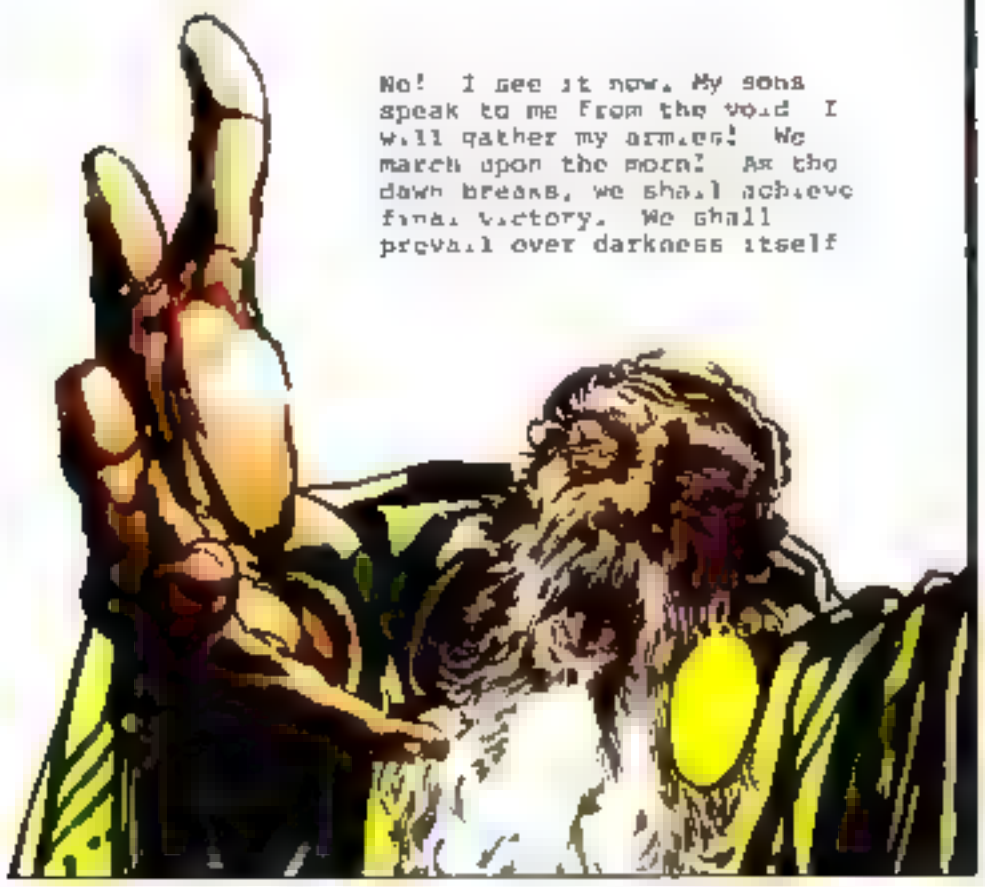
The evil ones take many forms, and their control is complete!

Ouch!

WORLD APART BY E.E. DAVIS

Heh, heh. Look you upon them .. Isss t not a pretty sssite to behold? They grieve for thisss warrior sssain. Be not sssad, he isss mine now, forever and forever. Hisss ssoul screams in agony. And soon you and yourssss will alssso ssing my ssssweet refrain of horror and death. I use this body to point the way, this voice to speak. I will have you all in my power. I will have your precious Golden City, your woman, your children, All your possessions will be mine As this dead shell is mine.

You have earned your freedom, pale one. But as you can see, your fate is now the same as ours.


No! I see it now. My sons speak to me from the void I will gather my armies! We march upon the morn! As the dawn breaks, we shall achieve final victory. We shall prevail over darkness itself

AND IN THE MISTY MORNING LIGHT, THE CITY GATES OPEN. RIDING OUT IS AN ARMY TEN THOUSAND STRONG. THE BLOOD-RED BANNER OF THE AGED KING WEAVES PROUDLY IN THE BREEZE.

GRIM ARE THE FACES OF THE MEN, KNOWING THAT THEY RIDE TO THEIR DOOM.

KING MALZAR'S ROYAL BODYGUARD RIDES IN THE VANGUARD.

THE VALLEY OF DOOM. THE CRAGGY WALLS OF ITS SHEER CLIFFS CHILL THE SOUL. AND THE DARKNESS BEYOND WILL SOON ENCLOSE ALL IN ITS PATH.

FROM THE CORNERS OF NORTH AND SOUTH WORLD, THE DARK ONE HAS GATHERED H S M N ONS.

EACH MAN MUST GO H S OWN WAY....

ALL S AS IT SHOULD BE!

BE HE KING, PRINCE, OR LORD...

TO LOOK UPON THE ULT MATE EV L...

AND STAND STEAD-FAST, SWORD IN HAND...

THOUGH FEAR GRIP YOUR HEART...

"Good day to you, fair King Malzar..."

"My master, knowing of your pain and loss...."

King Malzar has fought the darkness and its disciples for all his eighty years, as did his father before him, and his father before. Six sons King Malzar reared, all strong and noble warriors. They followed the teachings of their faith, each in turn vowing a solemn oath never to rest until the darkness was destroyed. The years of battle have taken each prince to his death. Their bodies were never recovered.

*, has bid me return to you that which was torn so cruelly from your breast. Good king, we return your sons."

THE CRASH OF STEEL, BONE, AND PYROPLAST C-MOLDED BODY ARMOR.

SKY CRUSEPS SCREAMING FROM THE SKY STRAFE FR END AND FOE ALIKE.

A DIRECT HIT FROM THE DARK ONES AERO DRONE EXPLODES THE GOLDEN CITY'S ONLY SKY DEFENSE.

NOW THE GROUND FORCES QUICKLY MOVE TO THE ATTACK. THE EVIL ONE'S MINIONS SWARM IN A BLACKENING WAVE, ENGULFING THE SLOWER-MOVING ARMY OF KING MALZAR....

STRIKING OUT IN ENCIRCLING COLUMNS, THE EVIL HORDE IN ONE STROKE CUTS THE ARMY OF SURUS IN HALF.

KING MALZAR'S BODYGUARDS FIGHT AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS TO PROTECT THE KING.

LORD GARIN LEADS THE CUT OFF REMNANT OF HIS CAVALRY IN A DARING ATTEMPT TO REJOIN THE MAIN FORCE....

NOW THE EVIL ONE'S MOTORIZED CANNON COMES INTO PLAY, BLASTING GREAT HOLES IN LORD GARIN'S FORMATION UNTIL HIS MAIN FORCE BREAKS AND IS CUT TO PIECES BY FOOTFIGHTERS ARMED WITH AUTOFIRE.

EACH CHARGE S MET BY SCREAMING ATTOF RE. BLASTS ARE CUT DOWN AND THEIR RIDERS DROWN UNDER FLASHING BLADES.

ON THE GROUND. S RUS S ONLY MOTOR ZED CANNON S DESTROYED BY AN AERO-CR SER.

SUDDENLY, THE SKY S BLACK WITH B RDS. WAVE AF FR LANCE OF S R T WARR ORS FALL SCREAMING, C TCHING THE R THROATS AS IF FOR BREATH.

THE MALTAP S BODYGUARD HAS BEEN DEFEATED AND HIS AP S SG TNESS AS H S FATHER S S A S. A RED STA N COMES BEFORE FAR HIS ES BLINDING H M TO ALL ELSE.

DESPERATE, GARN SLASHES HIS WAY THROUGH, IN A MAD ATTEMPT TO SAVE HIS FATHER. WOUNDED, NEAR DEATH, HE DRAGS HIMSELF THE LAST FEW FEET....

"Father... father...can you hear me? Speak to me! We are near death, you and I. Speak to me of your devotion, tell me now at last that which I have waited to hear... "

"What...what is that, what was that...?"

"Bastard, you were born, bastard, you shall die. wheeze. .."

Ahhhhhhhh

Creeps!

TO BE CONTINUED...

POLONIUS

Writer PICARET lettrage DEVOBÉ Artist TARDI

AFTER A THREE-DAY MARCH, THE EXPEDITION ENTERS THE MOUNTAINS

FORWARD!

BRAOUM

FASTER UP THERE GET GOING!

OVER THERE! A SHELTER FAST

SOME OF THE MEN ARE MISSING!

THEY'LL FIND US IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GO LOOKING FOR THEM! LIGHT A FIRE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, WHILE THE TROOP IS SLEEPING

POLONIUS!

WHO IS IT?

HOW DID YOU GET IN?

LISTEN TO ME THIS EXPEDITION THAT YOU HAVE ORGANIZED WITH **CHIMOS**, IN ORDER THAT YOU MIGHT RETURN COVERED IN **GLORY**, TO BE ACCEPTED BY THE PEOPLE OF **RU** AS ONE OF THEIR OWN, WILL BE A **FAILURE**

YOU'RE TALKING **NONSENSE!**

YOUR SUCCESS HAS COMPLETELY BEFUDDLED YOU ONCE A **WANDERER** CONDEMNED TO PRISON, YOU BECAME THE **PROTEGE** OF ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL GENERALS OF **RU**... BUT TAKE CARE! RU IS STILL MORE **CORRUPT** THAN YOU CAN **IMAGINE**

THAT IS **EXACTLY** WHY I'M **FIGHTING!** FOR A **CHANGE!**

I BELIEVE YOU ARE SINCERE BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND WHAT IS **REALLY** HAPPENING THEN YOU WILL SURELY LOSE YOUR ILLUSIONS

LOOK RIGHT AT ME AND YOU **WILL SEE** WHAT IS TRANSPIRING WITH THE MAN YOU THOUGHT TO BE YOUR **FRIEND!** DO YOU KNOW THE WOMAN WITH WHOM THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES?

EZZULIA!

"DON'T THINK THAT THIS IS JUST A NIGHTMARE. IT'S ALL VERY REAL."

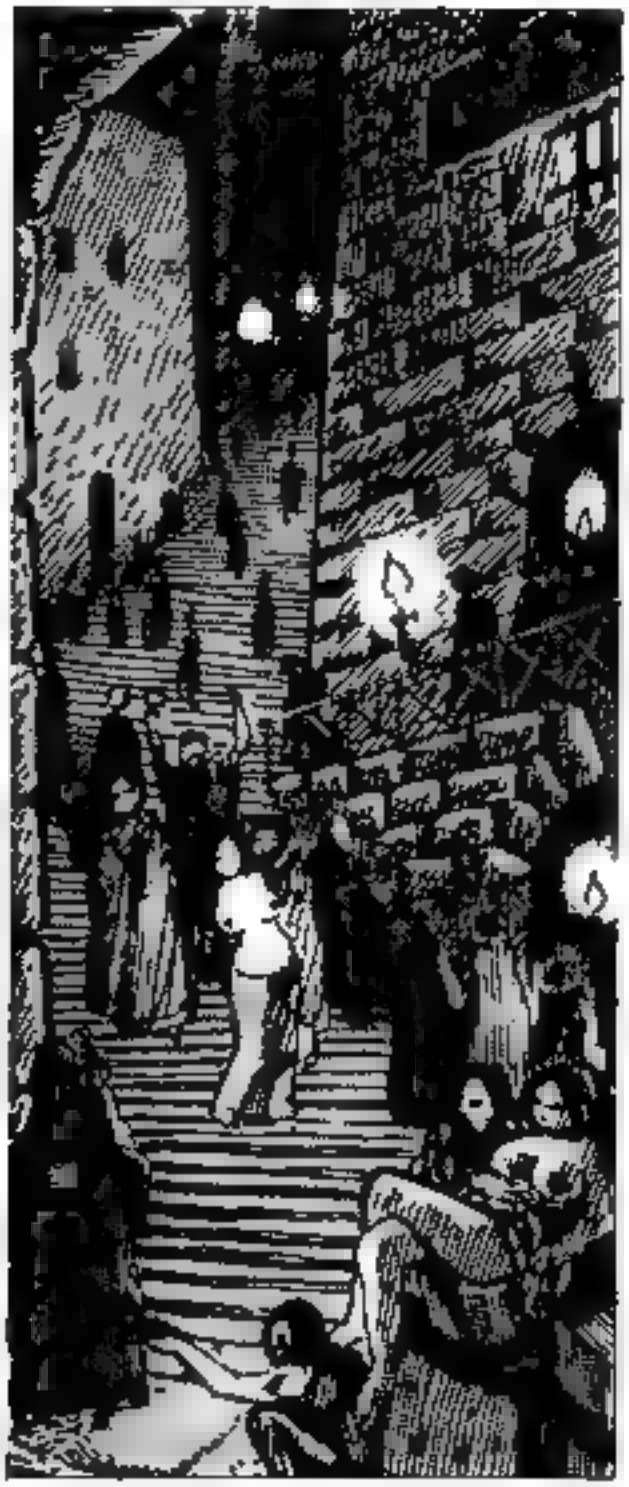
"EGYPIOS IS MAD WITH RAGE. HE WILL NOT FORGIVE YOU FOR ACTING WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE."

"AMONG THEM IS HYPPOKOS, THE CYCLOPS, A DEGENERATE FROM COMMERCE."

HA! HA! HA!

THEY HEAD TOWARD THE STREETS OF SHAME

EZZULIA DOES NOT SEEM TO OPPOSE THEM



I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD!

DIE!

HA!

THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

ABANDON IT ALL!

THE DESERT... RETURN TO THE DESERT!

SHOW YOURSELF! WHERE ARE YOU TANSWER ME!

AARR

AT DAWN, THE TROOP, LED BY CHIMOS AND POLONIUS, BEGAN THE LAST PART OF THE JOURNEY

THE DESERT!

THAT NIGHTMARE THAT YOU TOLD ME ABOUT, POLONIUS TELL ME ONLY **GOOD** THINGS.. EVERYTHING IS GOING BADLY.. WE HAVE ALREADY LOST FIVE MEN I'M **UNEASY**..

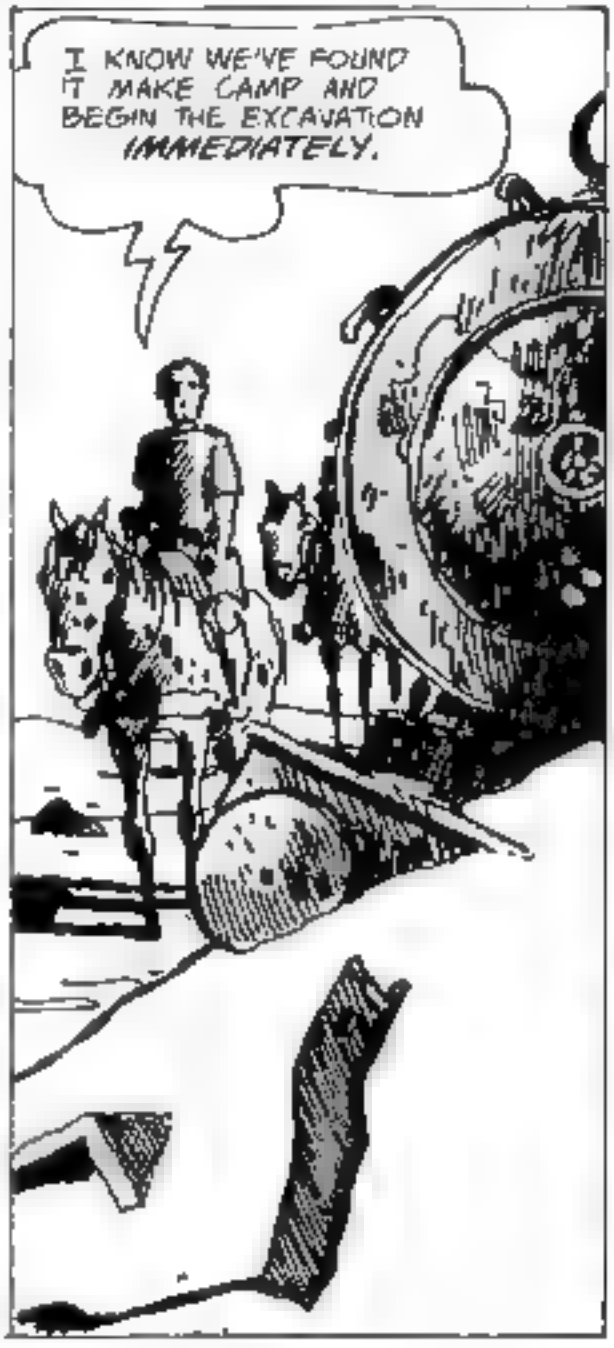
RUBBISH!

CHIMOS, COME HERE!

?

THIS PLACE CONFORMS TO THE DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN WHO GAVE US THOSE OBJECTS!

WE ARE HERE!


I KNOW WE'VE FOUND IT MAKE CAMP AND BEGIN THE EXCAVATION IMMEDIATELY.

LOOK! WE ONLY NEED TO PICK THEM UP THE CASES ARE CRAMMED FULL OF THEM

FAN-TASTIC!

THERE ARE **THOUSANDS** OF THEM AND THEY ARE ALL EXACTLY THE SAME

THE **BEST** CRAFTSMEN OF **RU** ARE INCAPABLE OF WORKING WITH IRON IN THIS MANNER

THIS DISCOVERY MEANS **REAL WEALTH**! PERHAPS THE **FUTURE** OF RU IS IN **OUR** HANDS

RU IS ONLY A DEGENERATE BRANCH OF THE HUMAN SPECIES BUT IT MAY **WELL** BE THE **LAST**. IN WHICH CASE

WHAT WE BRING BACK WILL OPEN THEIR **EYES** ONCE AND FOR ALL!

TO WORK!

AT THE END OF A WEEK OF SEARCH AND CLASSIFICATION, THEY BEGAN THE **RETURN**, **CRUSHED** BY THE UNBEARABLE **HEAT**, BUT WITH THE **GOAL** OF THEIR JOURNEY **ATTAINED**.

ARE YOU THINKING OF EXPLAINING YOUR PLANS TO THE PEOPLE OF RU?

NO NOT FOR THE MOMENT, IT'S TOO SOON.

RU HAS FORGOTTEN ITS OWN PAST IT'S UP TO US TO REDISCOVER IT, TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS COME TO PASS THERE.

AND THEN? WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO?

LOOK! UP THERE!

?

KNOCK IT DOWN!

GRROOOAR

TCHAC

AAAA

IT'S ONE OF OUR MEN WHO WANDERED AWAY WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

CLAWS!

HE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A WILD BEAST

WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE THESE MOUNTAINS ARE CURSED

COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED, BUT CERTAIN OF WINNING THE FIRST VICTORY, THEY ENTERED RU AT DAWN

To be continued

It's a Small Universe

FANTASTIC! IT'S EXACTLY THE TYPE OF PLANET WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

WHAT DOES THE SONAR SAY HONEY?

LET'S SEE ATMOSPHERE ATMOSPHERE.. "TERRESTRIAL FORM." PERFECT!. CLIMATE IONIZATION RADIATION! VERY GOOD! AND, YES A SINGLE CONTINENT!

THE THING SURE HAS AN $ SHAPE TO IT!

LET'S GO, TORMY! I CAN'T WAIT TO FEEL EARTH UNDER MY FEET AFTER ALL THAT TIME IN SPACE

SWEET-HEART

I LOVE YOU

ME TOO

?!!

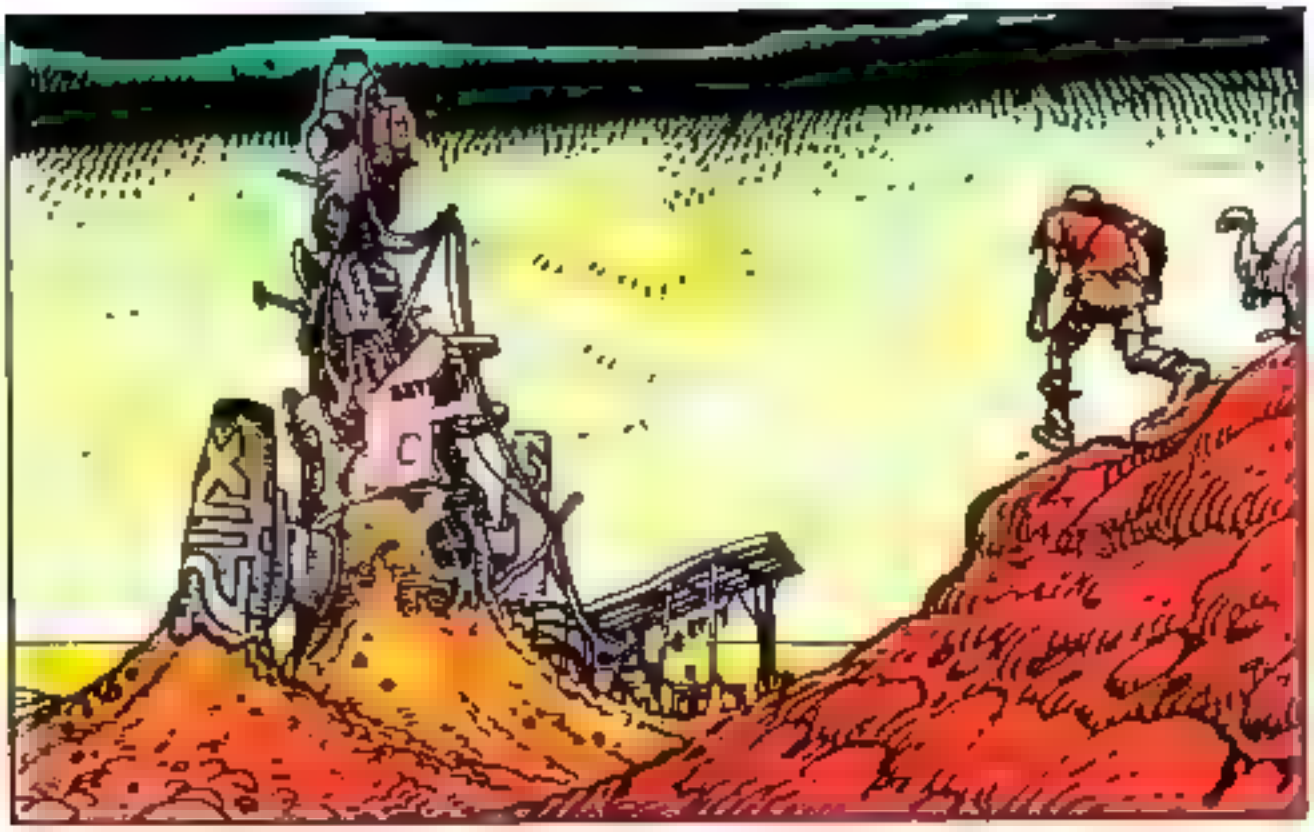
A SHIP!

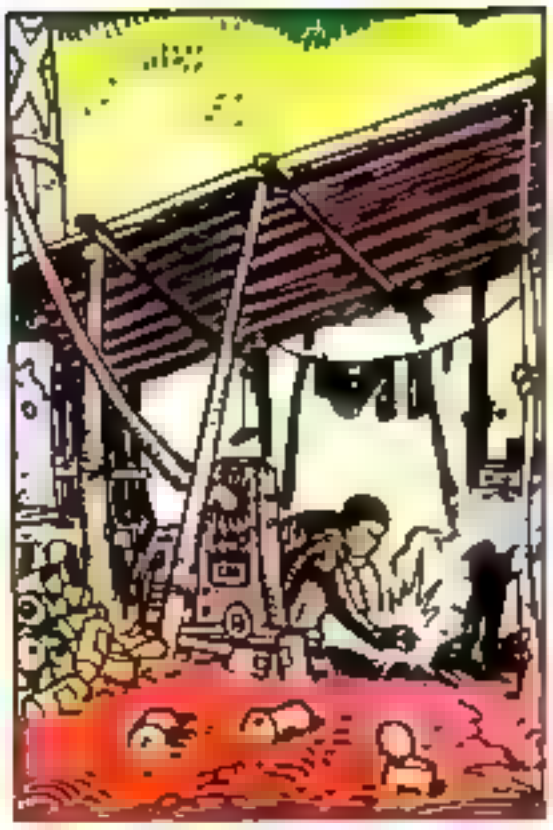
WUF! WUF!

WUF! WUF

COME ON, MAX, OLD BOY! IT'S COME

I KNEW IT WOULD COME!





I HOPE THERE WON'T BE SOME BAD-TEMPERED INHABITANT

STAY COOL ! THERE ARE'NT ANY *FAUNA* EXCEPT FOR A SPECIES OF HARMLESS *REPTILES* .

AND AS FOR THE *FLORA*, IT'S PRACTICALLY

DOWN THERE ! OVER *THERE* !

OOH *TORMY* !

AMAZING
INCREDIBLE!

IT'S AN IMPERIAL ROCKET! AND THAT SHAPE
IT'S A MAN!

INCREDIBLE!

WHY SO INCREDIBLE?

IT ONLY PROVES THAT THE **UNIVERSE** IS A LOT **SMALLER** THAN YOU THOUGHT

HE **SAW** THE SMOKE! MAX! WE'RE **SAVED!**

WUF!
WUF!

TORMY!

BE CAREFUL, JUST IN CASE!

I'M WATCHING OUT!

IT'S

IT MUST BE

OH, NO!

WE'RE VERY

HAP YOU'RE

YES, STRANGE BUT YOU REMIND ME OF

TORMY!

LABAJOUE!

?

YOU PIECE OF SHIT!

I KNEW I WOULD FIND YOU AGAIN SOME DAY!

(ABAJO...E

WHAT THE

?!!

WUF!

BASTARD! NOW I'VE GOT YOU!

GARG...

TORMY

STOP!

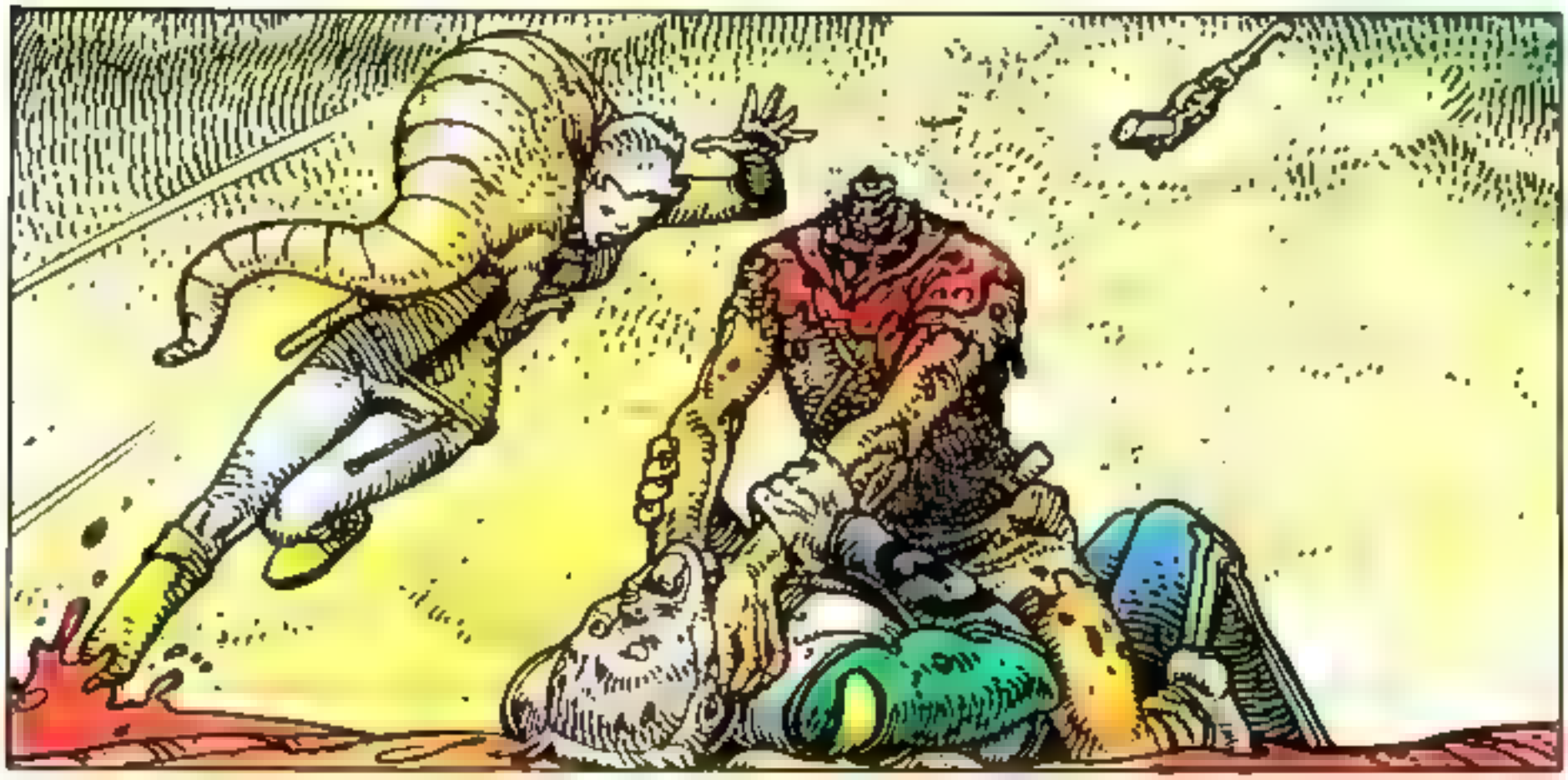
STOP!

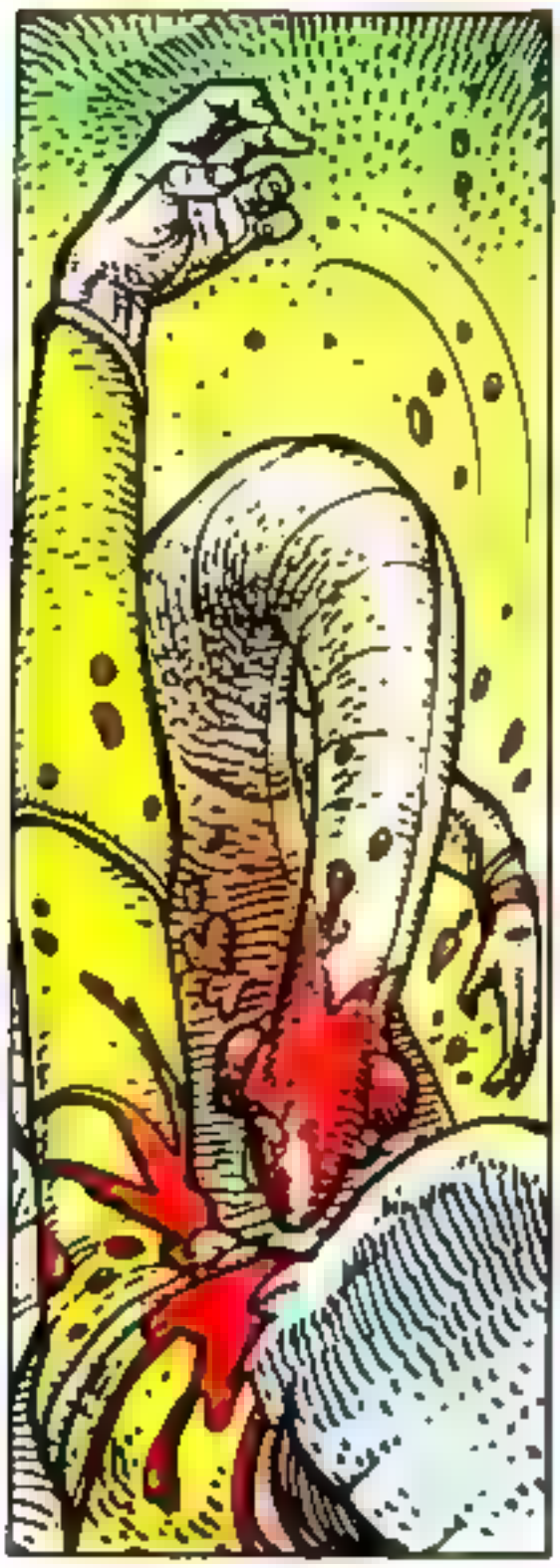
OR I'LL KILL YOU!

FUCKER! YOU FUCKER!

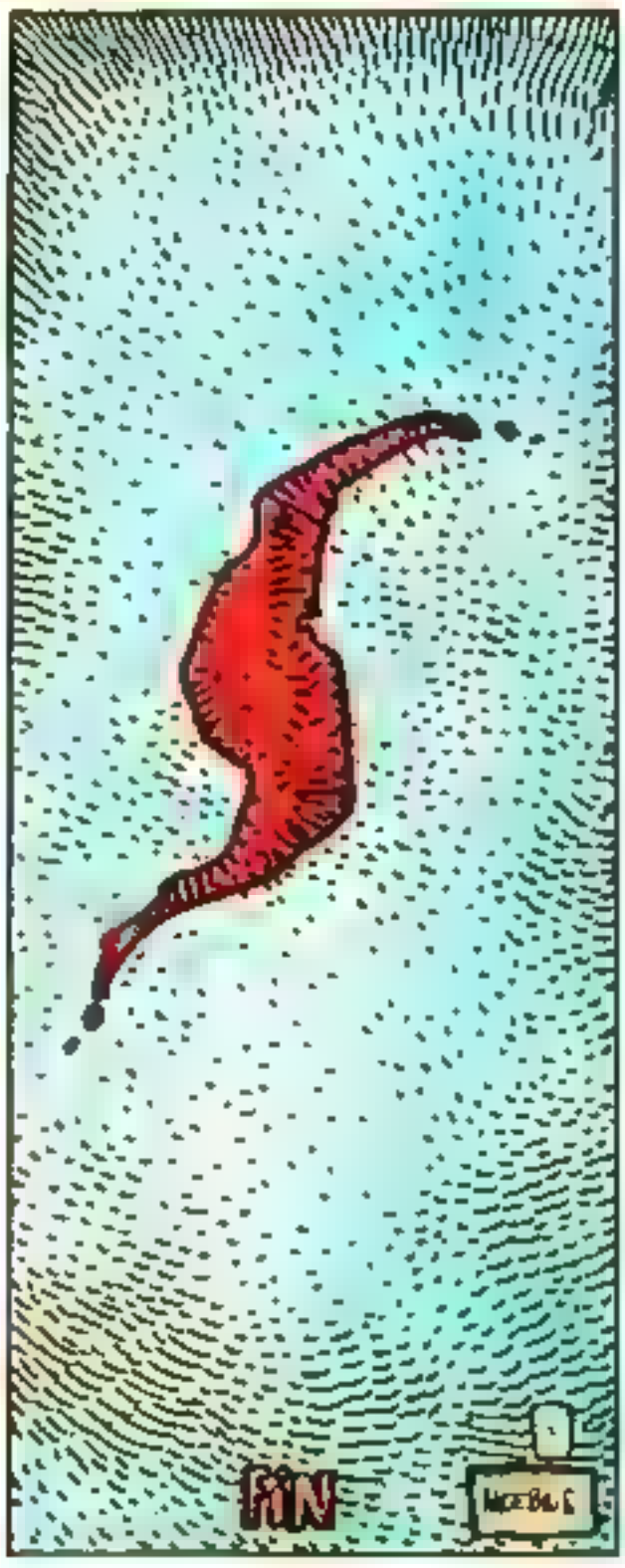
FU!

WUFFFF!





WUF !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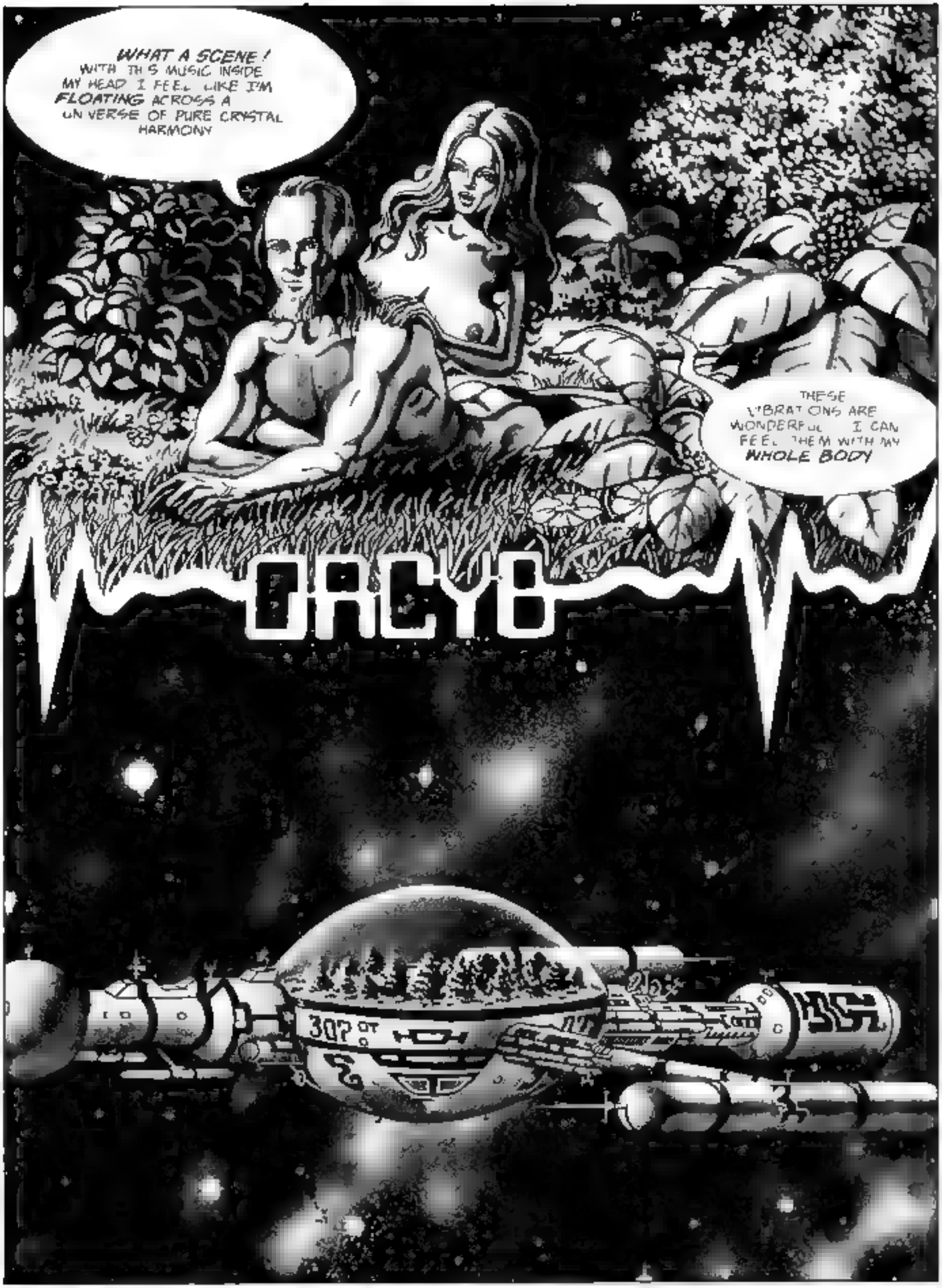

WHAT A SCENE!
WITH THIS MUSIC INSIDE MY HEAD I FEEL LIKE I'M FLOATING ACROSS A UNIVERSE OF PURE CRYSTAL HARMONY
THESE VIBRATIONS ARE WONDERFUL I CAN FEEL THEM WITH MY WHOLE BODY
CRYB

IT'S A *TERRIFIC* LITTLE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, ISN'T IT? THE *RADIATION* FROM THE STARS AND PLANETS IS PICKED UP ON AN ANTENNA SYSTEM WHICH *SYNTHESIZES* IT INTO *SOUND WAVES*, AND HERE WE ARE TO ENJOY THE *COSMIC SYMPHONY!* WAIT 'TIL A *PULSAR* MAKES CONTACT

YES THE HARMONY IS *DIVINE* BUT I PREFER THE MUSICAL SYNTHESIS OF THE VIBRATIONS SENT BY THE *FLOWERS* THEY SEEM *DEEPER* TO ME SOMEHOW

A MIX DOWN OF THE ENERGIES FROM THE STARS *AND* THE FLOWERS WOULD MAKE *TOTALLY* FAR-OUT HARMONIES IN *COUNTERPOINT* WITH THE *VIBRATIONS* OF THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF OUR SHIP'S METAL, ELECTRICITY, FIRE WATER AND THE *BIOLOGICAL RHYTHMS* OF OUR OWN BODIES!

SO *MANY* NEW EXPERIENCES TO TRY! BUT HOW LONG BEFORE WE REACH *YAMMA?*

NOW IT'S NO LONGER A QUESTION OF DISTANCE CAUSE WE'RE IN THE RIGHT *SPATIAL ZONE* YOU KNOW THAT *YAMMA* IS LOCATED ON THE *INTERDIMENSIONAL PLANE* WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR A SIGNAL ACCORDING TO OUR PRE-PROGRAMMING

IT'S THRILLING TO KNOW THAT *WE* WERE CHOSEN TO GO TO *YAMMA!* THE MYTHIC GALACTIC CONFEDERATION FROM WHERE THE *COSMIC INTELLIGENCE* DIRECTS THE *DESTINY* OF MANKIND AND HUMANM

ATTENTION! REPORT TO THE NAVIGATION ROOM!

I WONDER HOW *HE* WILL REACT TO THE TWO OF US NAKED *NEANDERTHALS* IN THE *COSMOS?*

WHAT'S HAPPENING, 291?

O.V.N.I SIGNAL ON SCREEN COORDINATES AT POSITION KY4 P16-X6!

THAT THING IS MOVING AT INCREDIBLE SPEED!

WE'D BETTER MAKE RADIO CONTACT

THIS IS TIME VESSEL **ALPHA Z 408**! WE ARE **PRELIMINARY CONTACT** UPON YOUR ENTRANCE INTO THE PARALLEL ZONE ON THE **INTERDIMENSIONAL** PLANE OF **YAMMA**! YOUR **NEUROLOGICAL CODES** ARE IN THE PROCESS OF BEING ANALYZED AND LOGGED FOR THE PURPOSES OF **FUTURE** PROGRAMMING.

OH!

IT'S COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED!

REALLY WEIRD!

WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE *SUN!* THAT TELEPATHIC EMISSION HAS *OPENED* NEW *MENTAL CIRCUITS* FOR ME *291*, PREPARE TO REGISTER YOURSELF FOR NEW PROGRAMMING

SINCE WE LEFT THE EARTH, OUR *PSYCHIC FACULTIES*, WHICH HAD BEEN PREVIOUSLY CONTACTED HAVE BEEN OUR *ONLY* MEANS OF NAVIGATION AND NOW I FEEL THAT THE *DOOR* TO *TELEPATHIC CONTACT* WITH *YAMMA* CAN BE FOUND ONLY IN THE *SOLAR ORBIT* WE HAVE TO GO SLOWLY AND *WAIT* FOR ANOTHER SIGNAL

ATTENTION! 291 HERE! EMERGENCY! ATTENTION! EMERGENCY!

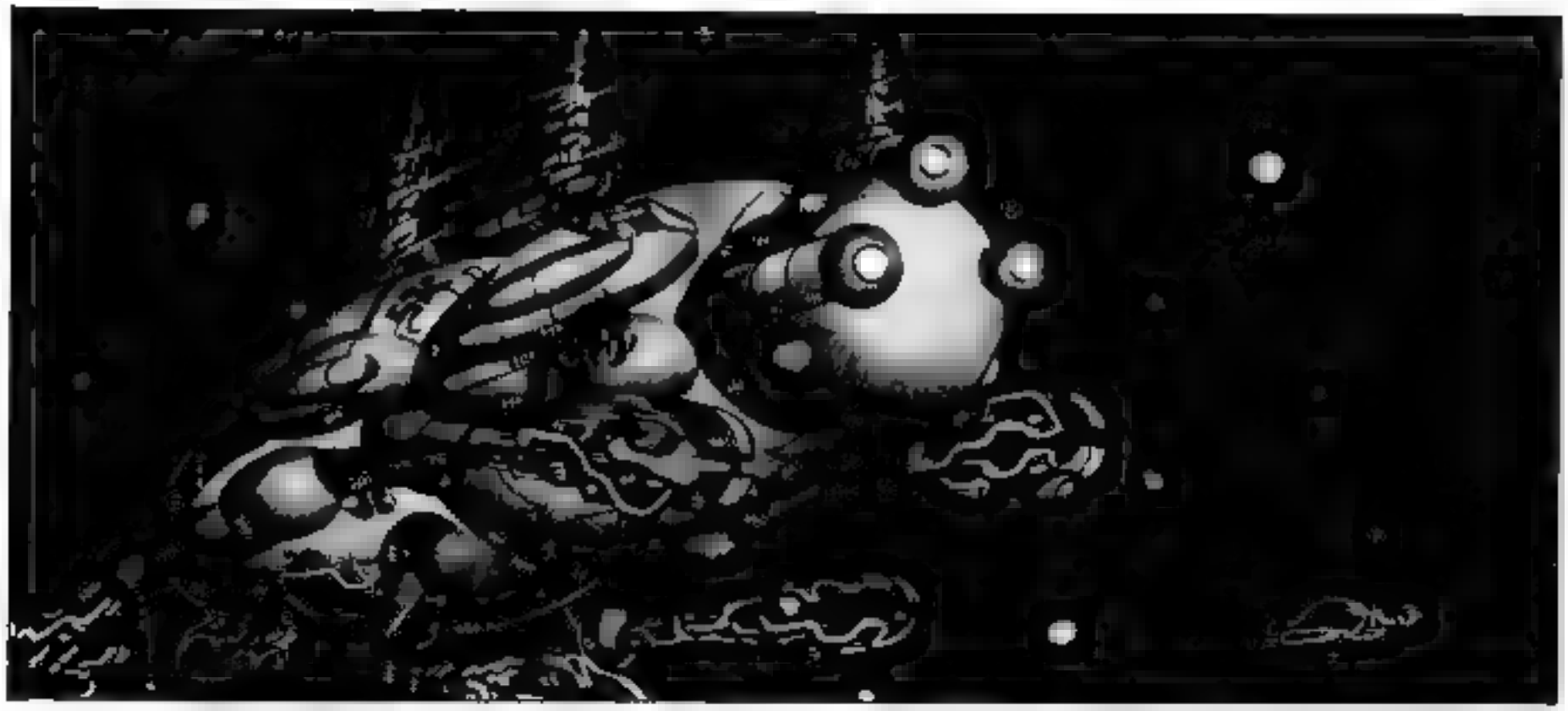
WE'RE VERY NEAR MERCURY AND THE *TEMPERATURE* IS ALREADY *RISING* I HOPE THAT AH

THE CONTROLS NO LONGER RESPOND! THE SHIP IS LOSING SPEED! UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT APPROACHING BZZZ

SO ZAL, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

GREAT JUPITER! A MAGNETIC FIELD HAS PARALYZED OUR SHIP! AND THAT THING OUT THERE IS CLOSING FAST!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT DOESN'T RESPOND TO THE RADIO SIGNAL!



HOLY SPACE! WHERE DID THAT METAL MONSTER COME FROM? IT'S TERRIFYING!
ITS FORCE FIELD IS HOLDING OUR SHIP! THE BASTARDS!

IT'S STAYING THERE I CAN'T RAISE THEM ON THE RADIO WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
THE TELEPATHY HELMET! QUICK!

TEMPERATURE PULSE RATE HEART BEAT RESPIRATION ALL OK YOU READY?
YES GO!

CONTACT!

BUT THIS IS FANTASTIC!

RELAY 92 THE SPIRIT OF METAL POWER SPEAKS TO YOU VIA ORCYB, THE GALACTIC ROBOT!

KELDRYC! COME! KELDRYC! COME! COME!

A VISION! A SUMMONS!

COME..KELDRYC...COME

COME...KELDRYC...COME...

THAT MESSAGE IT'S A CALL I CAN'T RESIST I MUST FLY OUT TO THAT THING...

I DON'T TRUST THAT GREAT B G MACHINE T LOOKS SO WEIRD WHERE ARE THE PILOTS? WHAT PLANET DOES IT COME FROM? TS VIBRATIONS MAKE ME UPTIGHT

COOL IT! ROBOTS WERE MADE TO SERVE HUMAN INTELLIGENCE

WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO YAMMA, AND ON THIS TRIP ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN! I'LL TAKE THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC THOUGHT-WAVE TRANS-MITTER

SV2

YOU PLUG INTO THE TELEPATHY HELMET AND STAY IN CONTACT WITH ME!

TAKE CARE KELDRYC AND GOOD LUCK!

NOW IT'S JUST YOU AND ME ORCYB

THERE'S A SORT OF MAGNETIC CURRENT! I'M BEING DRAWN TOWARD THE VESSEL!

EARTHMAN KELDRYC, THIS IS ORCYB SPEAKING NOW THAT YOU ARE INSIDE, SURROUNDED BY METAL, I CAN MAKE KNOWN TO YOU THE GALACTIC MEANING OF YOUR SITUATION

I, ORCYB, WAS BORN IN THE UNIVERSES WHERE THE ENERGIES OF ROBOT POWER GATHERED! THIS VESSEL MADE OF THE MAGNETIC PARTICLES OF YOUR THOUGHT HAS FOLLOWED YOU EVER SINCE YOU ENTERED THE PARALLEL PLANE FOR IT'S YOUR INNER DESIRE FOR POWER AND CONQUEST THAT HAS GIVEN ME THIS SHAPE

WHUUH

WEIGHT-LESSNESS! AAAHH! THESE SOUND WAVES ARE AWFUL!

HOOOO

GREAT JUPITER! I CAN'T STAND THOSE VIBRATIONS

I WAS YOUR **SHADOW** IN THE COSMOS UNTIL **NOW**! NOW THAT WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF THE INTERDIMENSIONAL **UNIVERSE** OF **YAMMA**, **ONE** OF US **MUST** BE **DESTROYED**!

YOU HAVE BEEN LED HERE FOR A **COMBAT** TO THE **DEATH**! HERE IS YOUR OPPONENT **YURKON**, **THE WARRIOR OF STEEL**! IF YOU CAN DEFEAT HIM YOU WILL BE **FREE** TO CONTINUE YOUR VOYAGE!

A **DUEL** TO THE **DEATH** BUT I AM **UNARMED**

AAHH **THE BASTARD**! HE HAS **TELEKINETIC** POWERS! I **CAN'T** LET HIM TRAP ME! I HAVE TO **ESCAPE**.

I'LL DIVERT ALL MY ENERGY TO MY REAR JET PACK IF I CAN MANAGE TO **SYNTHESIZE** A **FORCE FIELD** WITH MY EQUIPMENT THEN

THIS METAL MONSTER WILL **NEVER** GET ME AH **THAT DOES IT**!

CONTACT! **NOW** WE'LL MEET IN A COMBAT OF **THOUGHT WAVES**!

"AH! THE ENERGY FIELD IS SYNTHESIZED NOW I MUST **CONCENTRATE** ALL MY **PSYCHIC FORCES** TO DEFLECT THE POWER OF THIS **TITAN**."

KELORYC IS IN DANGER! I MUST HELP HIM!

..**ASTRYD.. STAY** IN CONTACT! **THE MUSIC! THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES!**

ALL THE CHANNELS OF THE **SYNTHESIZER** ARE SWITCHED ON SYNCHRONIZE YOUR RECEIVER TO ME FREQUENCY **AZ-PX 256.4!**

YEEEHH!

THUD!

HIS CIRCUITS ARE VERY STRONG! IT'S TAKING ALL MY ENERGY JUST TO DEFEND MYSELF AGAINST HIS THOUGHT WAVES!

AH! ASTRYD HAS GOT THROUGH TO ME WITH THE MUSIC! IT'S HELPING ME TO COORDINATE MY THOUGHT WAVES. NOW I CAN CONCENTRATE AND CONTACT THE MIND OF THIS ROBOT

HE IS DRIVEN BY IMPULSES OF AGGRESSION AND HATE

POW!

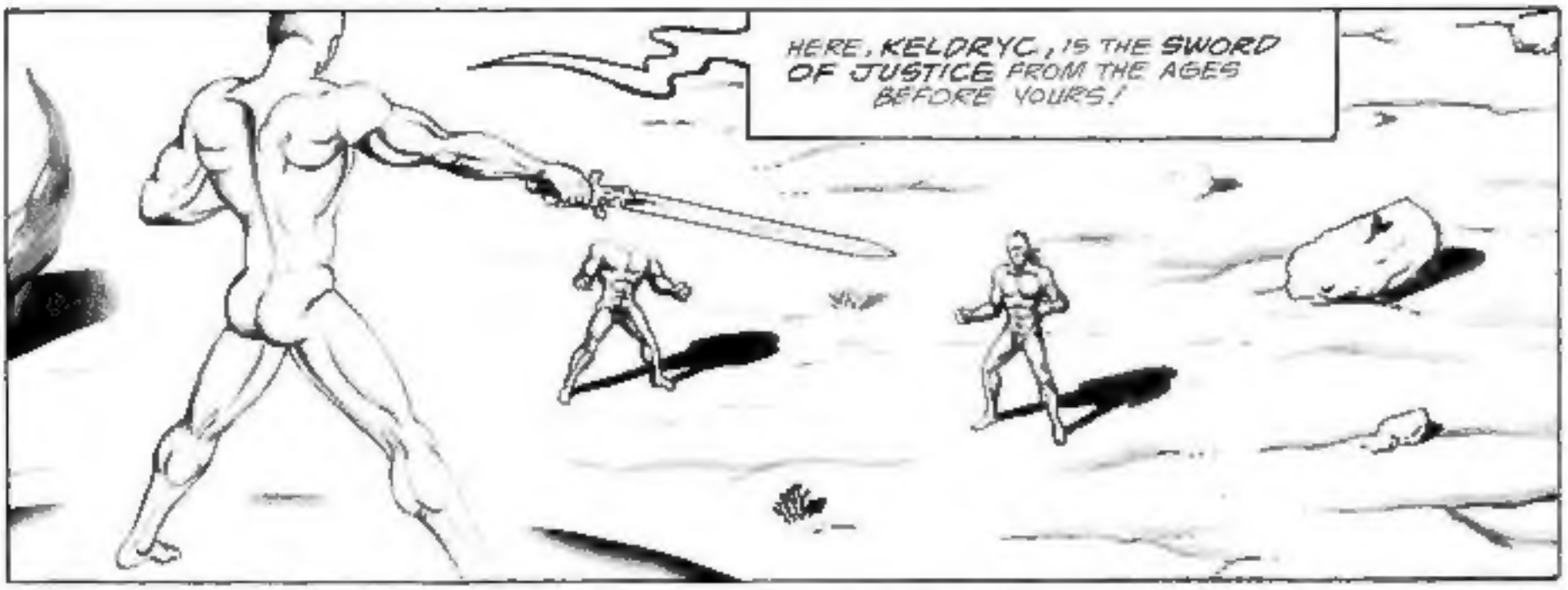
BUT THE MUSICAL VIBRATIONS HAVE GIVEN ME ENOUGH SPEED TO GET PAST HIS REFLEXES

KIA

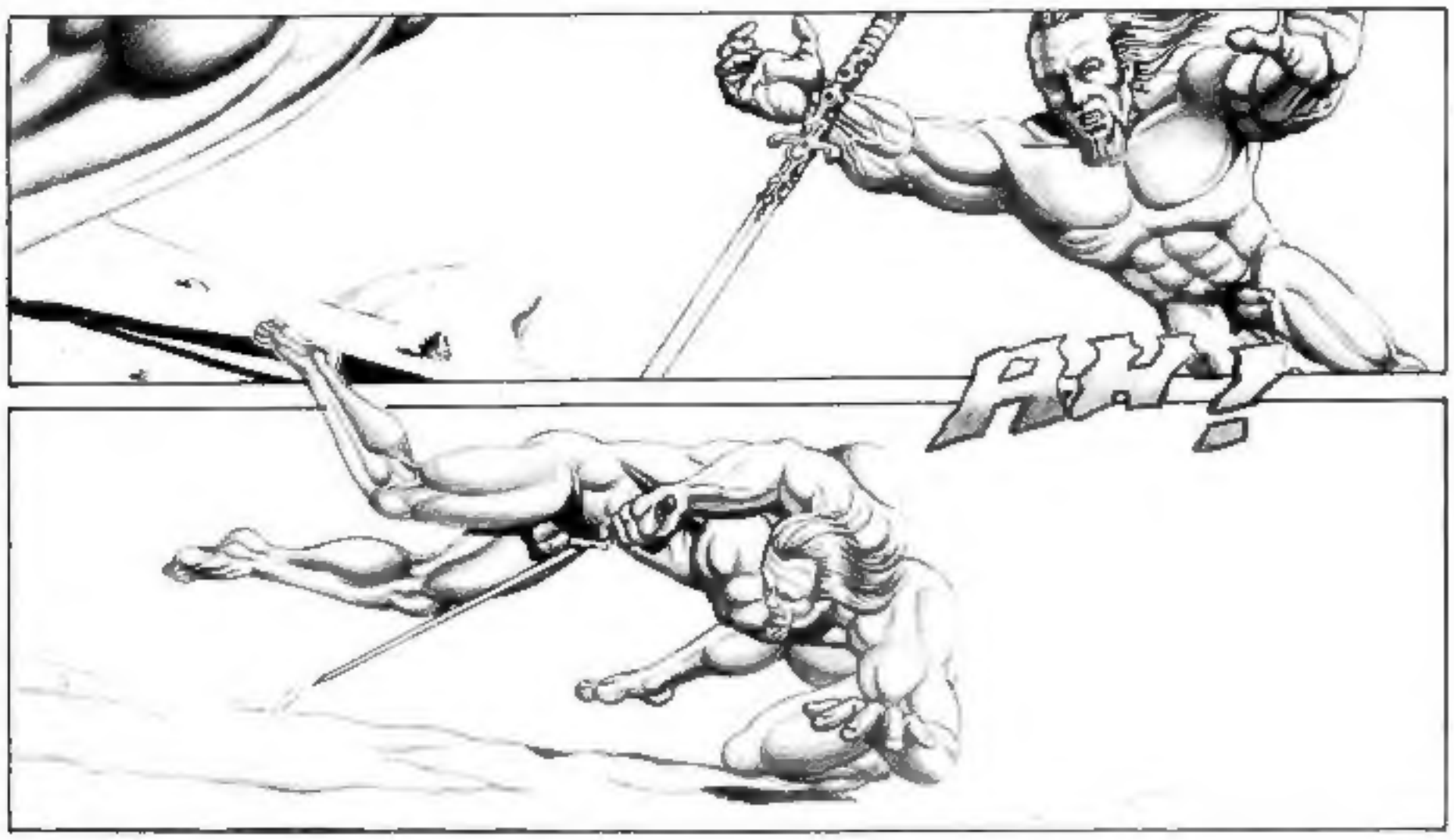
PA

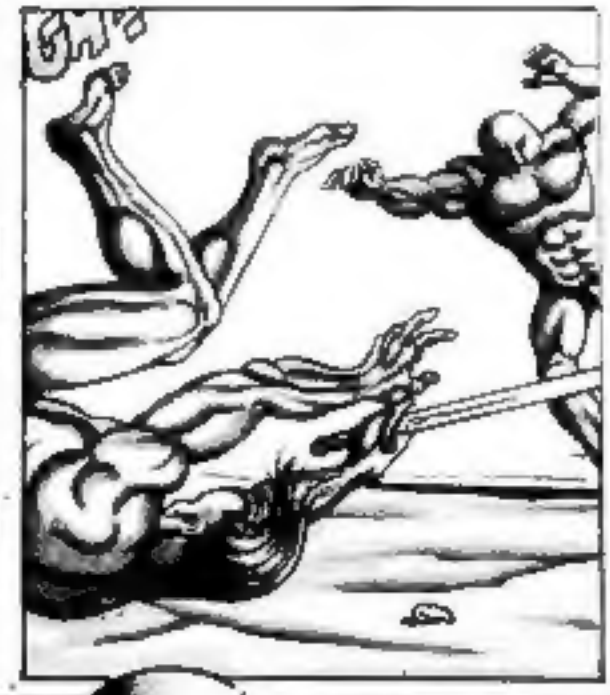
"HIS STRENGTH AND HIS RESISTANCE ARE VERY GREAT .. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN CONCENTRATE MY PSYCHIC FORCES ON THIS LEVEL ..."

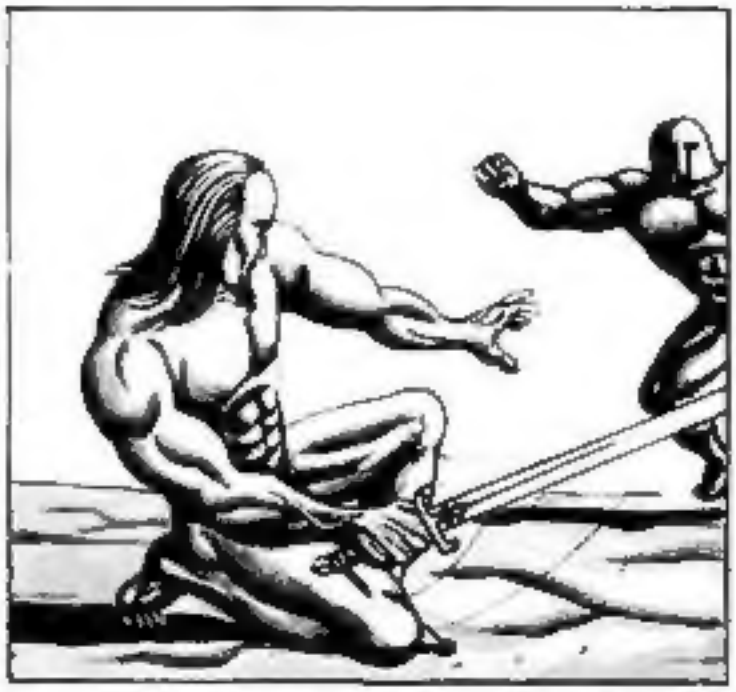
CORTEX 12 HAS BEEN REACHED! I AM ASKOR 7, THE DIAMOND WARRIOR, NEUROLOGICAL CIRCUIT CODE 456 YZ6!


HERE, KELDRYC, IS THE SWORD OF JUSTICE FROM THE AGES BEFORE YOURS!

WOOSH!
TZDING!

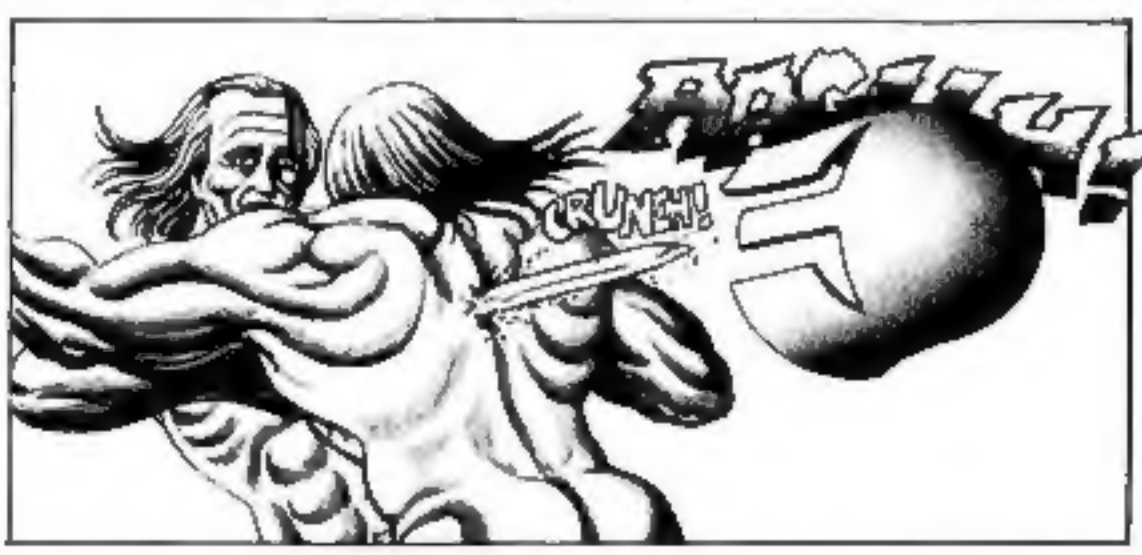

AH!





AAAIIIII!!!

RRRRRRRR


CRUNCH!
AAAIIIII!!!

AH

AH!

AH! AH!

NOW YOU ARE **FREE**, KELDRYC! AND I MUST DISAPPEAR **FOREVER!**

...BUT... YOU...

...YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN INSECT!

KELDRYC! CAN YOU HEAR ME, FINALLY?

COME ON, STOP *DREAMING* TO THE MUSIC! A **NOVA** IS BEGINNING TO EXPLODE IN THE SKY...

THIS **TRIP** IS STARTING TO GET *INTERESTING*...

Fim

MOEBIUS